

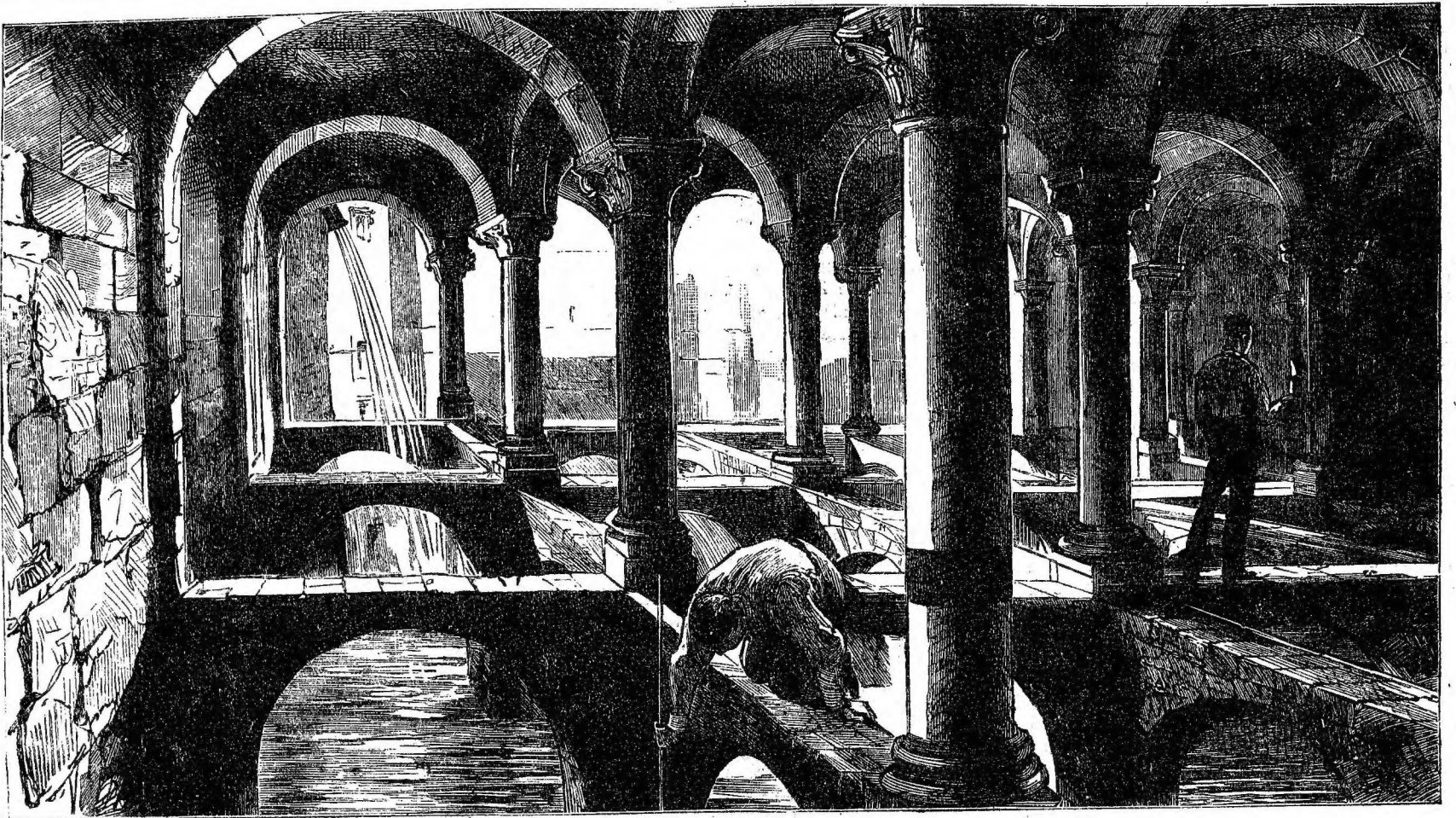
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

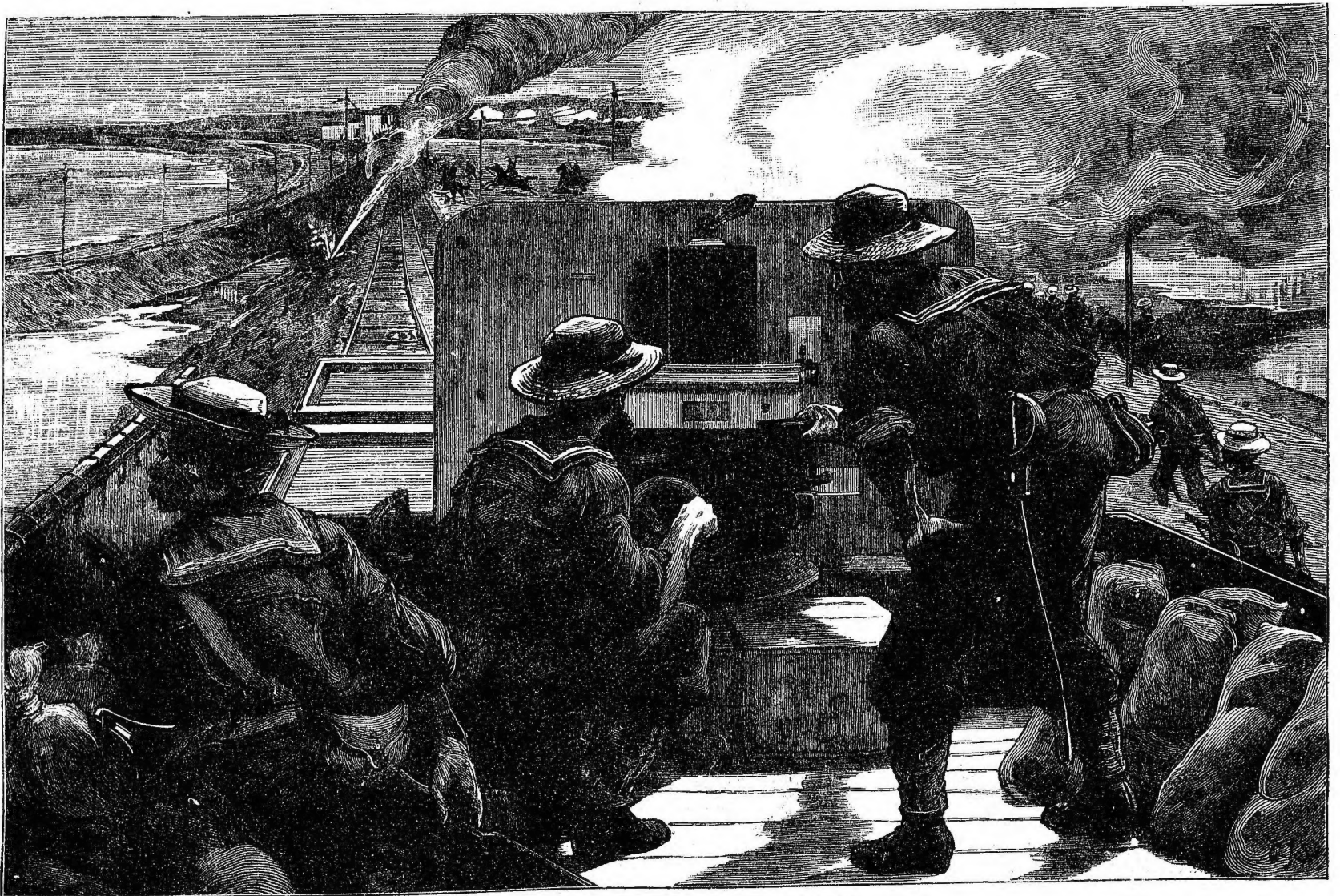
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882

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THE EXPECTED WATER FAMINE AT ALEXANDRIA—FILLING THE ROMAN CISTERNS



THE NORDENFELT GUN ON THE IRONCLAD TRAIN

THE WAR IN EGYPT
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

EUROPE AND THE SUEZ CANAL.—As the war in Egypt is being conducted by a Whig-Radical Ministry, it is beyond contradiction (as was, indeed, affirmed by the Premier last week at the Mansion House) that we have sent our soldiers and sailors to Alexandria with the noblest and most benevolent intentions. Nevertheless, there are cynical people who imagine that we have gone to Egypt chiefly to look after our own interests. Continental opinion, from Calais to Constantinople, almost entirely veers in this direction. With the exception of the Turks, however, who would have preferred to settle the pretensions of Arabi Pasha at their own time and in their own way, these excellent foreign friends of ours do not feel aggrieved or angry at our interference in the affairs of Egypt. Indeed, why should they feel aggrieved or angry? Are we bondholders? So are they. Are we holders of Suez Canal shares? So are they, and hold more than we do. We are, therefore, fighting the foreigners' battle in Egypt, and the best of it is that we are doing it with British soldiers and British money. Still, there is just a qualm of apprehension on the Continent that when England has succeeded, by the expenditure of her blood and treasure, in restoring the *de jure* Khédive to his rights, she may think it advisable to treat Egypt as the Protected Native States of India are treated. But the Continent would not mind this so very much (especially as it would ensure the regular payment of the bondholders' dividends), provided England does not attempt the exclusive control of the Canal. M. Beaulieu emphatically warns us that if we seize and hold the Suez Canal, the United States will follow our evil example with regard to the Colombian Canal. M. Beaulieu may make his mind easy. England and the United States are very differently situated concerning these respective canals. The Americans are confronted by no formidable Power except England, and they can venture if they please to be overbearing, knowing how averse England is to quarrel with cousins to whom she is bound by numerous cords of interest and affection. But hemmed in, as England would be in Egypt, by mighty and jealous nations, she would never be so foolish as to provoke the collective wrath of Europe by asserting any exclusive right to the Suez Canal. We venture to think that the Canal had better be left as it now is, in the hands of a commercial company, and that as it is, especially for France, Holland, Spain, and England, an important military waterway, no restriction should be placed on the passage through it of ships of war.

MR. GRAY'S CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Two thoroughly Irish celebrations have taken place during the past week, the opening of the Dublin Exhibition and the unveiling of the O'Connell Statue. The mass of Englishmen wish well to Ireland, whatever may be said to the contrary, and though on this side of the water most of us believe that O'Connell, at all events during his later agitations, did more harm than good, we were heartily pleased that the joint ceremonies had gone off so harmoniously. But, unfortunately, the blue sky is very readily overclouded in Ireland, there is always a "depression" (to borrow the language of the weather-forecasters) advancing from some or other quarter, and now the passions which appeared to be asleep for a day or two have been reawakened in all their fury by the inflammatory language of the *Freeman's Journal*, and the sharp and swift punishment with which its proprietor has been visited. Those fanatical Englishmen, few in number let us hope, who still persist in declaring that "force is no remedy," will of course say that this trouble is all due to the Prevention of Crimes Act. Be it so. But has not the Act already taught a wholesome lesson to the outrage-mongers and assassins? For a couple of years they played their bloody game with almost entire impunity. Such a murderer as Hynes would certainly never have been convicted under the ordinary system, nor would other criminals, who stopped short of murder by accident rather than by intention, have received heavy sentences of penal servitude. On such a question as this all peaceable citizens should uphold the cause of law and order, and it is, therefore, a most serious offence that a gentleman of good position, the owner of a journal bearing a high reputation, should permit reckless and baseless statements to appear in its columns. That Hynes was convicted by a jury bemused with drink; that the judge excluded evidence which should have been offered; and that all Roman Catholic jurymen were told to stand aside from the panel: these are charges which if true would most assuredly bring the Commission into contempt, and, therefore, Mr. Justice Lawson deserves every credit for the stern promptitude with which he punished the chief offender.

IMPRESSING THE SAVAGES.—The custom of importing wild men from remote parts of the Empire is on the increase. The other week a handful of Canadian Indians were patrolling selected portions of London, under competent guidance, while arrangements were being made for their lands to be restored to them. This week some Maoris have been hanging about the lobbies at Westminster with the view of convincing legislators that the cry of "The Land for the Maoris" is a reasonable programme for New Zealand. The King of Zululand and his comrades are not

the least important instalment of the native races who have come to the administrative centre to take out new leases of their old territory. No one will grudge them their acquisitions, after they have been imported, though a kingdom is a rather handsome present to make to the men who dug so many English graves at Isandula. But while the savages are getting their estates conveyanced, the work of impressing them ought surely to bear some relation to their previous experience, and to their capacity for being impressed. Nothing, we may be sure, so little touches savages as greatness which is not visible to the naked eye; but it is precisely that sort of distinction which they are most often taken to see. The House of Commons and the House of Lords are the centres from which it is thought they will retire most humbly, convinced of the power and majesty of England. But it is doubtful whether the spectacle of a score or two of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen snoozing beneath their hats is calculated to convince the savage breast properly on these points. A Maori fresh from a "talkee-talkee" on the slopes of Taranaki, where he has listened to the chiming of Te Whiti's tongue, will not be convinced of the earnestness of English debate. A Canadian Indian, who has watched the free gestures of one of his own orators, will not think much even of the Treasury Bench. Neither legislative nor artistic shows can be considered so appropriate for them as an extensive exhibition of the raw material of power. It has been ascertained, for example, that Cetewayo's moment of deepest emotion has been experienced at the Zoological Gardens, when he was calculating the poundage of steak beneath the hide of the rhinoceros. Is there any reason why he should not have been shown over Smithfield Market, and presented with its landscape of crimson and saffron, and through the shambles where men wash their pole-axes? Or could an Indian understand anything better than to be taken through a distillery or a feather market? From the raw material they might be educated up to the contemplation of the Woolwich Arsenal, and the blast furnaces and ship yards of the provinces. If they could be taken down a coal-pit just before proceeding to their estates and kingdoms, they would probably retain a wholesome impression of the super- or infra-natural awfulness of the resources of the country.

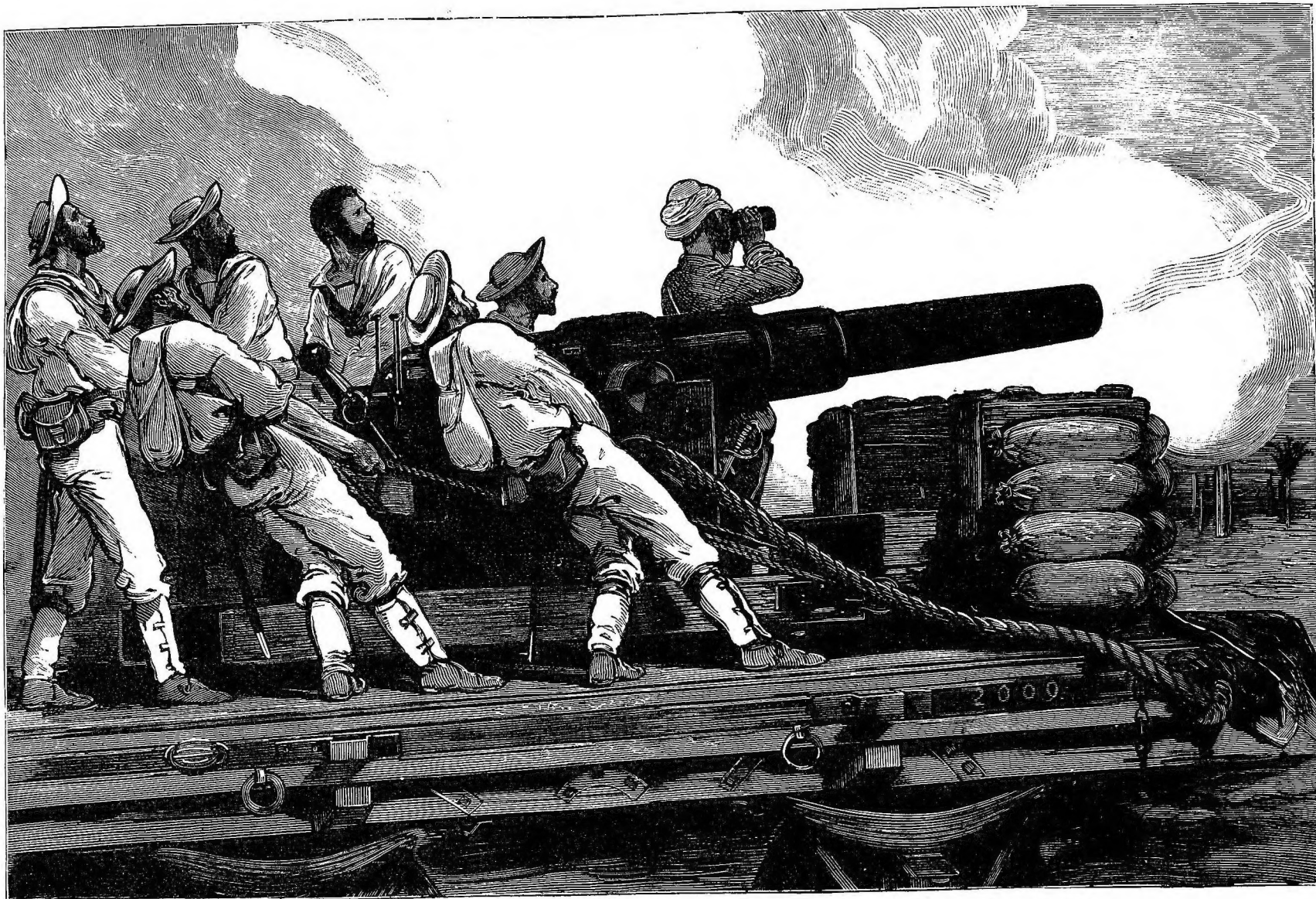
THE RULES OF PROCEDURE.—Not a few amongst us (most of us, possibly) are rather weary of the House of Commons, its interminable sayings, and its infinitesimal doings, and would be well content if the doors closed in August were not to be reopened till February. But Mr. Gladstone has willed it otherwise, and so the House is to meet on the 24th October for the purpose of discussing, should the horizon be otherwise clear, the Rules of Procedure. We have always maintained in these columns that if the principle of the Clôture is to be adopted at all, it had better be adopted in its entirety, and that therefore a bare majority is better than a majority of two-thirds. But there can be little doubt that the bare majority plan is very unpopular in the House, not only on the Opposition Benches, but also on those of the supporters of the Government. A good many of his followers would probably not have dared openly to revolt; still Mr. Gladstone perceived that the current of opinion on this matter within the walls of the House was against him, and therefore, having no lack of astuteness, on May 6th he agreed to accept Sir Stafford Northcote's amendment of the First Resolution, namely, that a two-thirds majority should be requisite to establish the Clôture. Had this arrangement been adhered to, all would have been plain sailing, for concerning the subsequent Resolutions there existed no serious divergence of opinion. But the intended debate never came off. The Phoenix Park murders changed the whole current of affairs, and the rest of the Session was devoted to Ireland, the bitter pill of Crime Prevention being succeeded by the soothing syrup of the Arrears Bill. A Minister more skilful than Mr. Gladstone in the management of men would, doubtless, in spite of this interruption, have found time for the Procedure Debate, but, however this may be, not many Ministers except Mr. Gladstone would have had the courage (or the impudence) to withdraw from his agreement of the 6th May, and to proclaim that he means after all to fight the Clôture battle under the bare majority banner. As we have said above, in the abstract we prefer the bare majority plan, but this does not exonerate Mr. Gladstone from having acted rather shabbily. And not only shabbily, but inexpediently, for this unexpected change of attitude will assuredly delay the reforms which Mr. Gladstone professes to desire so eagerly. Even if the Irish members keep quiet, and the Egyptian campaign is prosperous, the meeting of October 24th will usher in prolonged and acrimonious debates.

THE IRISH EXHIBITION.—It is unfortunate that the exhibition of Irish arts and manufactures should not have been of a truly representative kind. There was a great national opportunity for showing to a somewhat sceptical world that Ireland really possesses industries. Not that any one doubts there was a period in Irish history when the attainments of her workmen were of a very high class. Bogs and hillocks all over Ireland, every now and again, prove that the men who made the torques, rings, fibulae, bracelets, swords, and spearheads, which are dug out of them, must have united to a delicate taste a highly technical skill in the manipulation of gold, bronze, and stone. But that was some time ago; and evidence of contemporary Irish skill in the production of utilities was highly desirable for those friends of

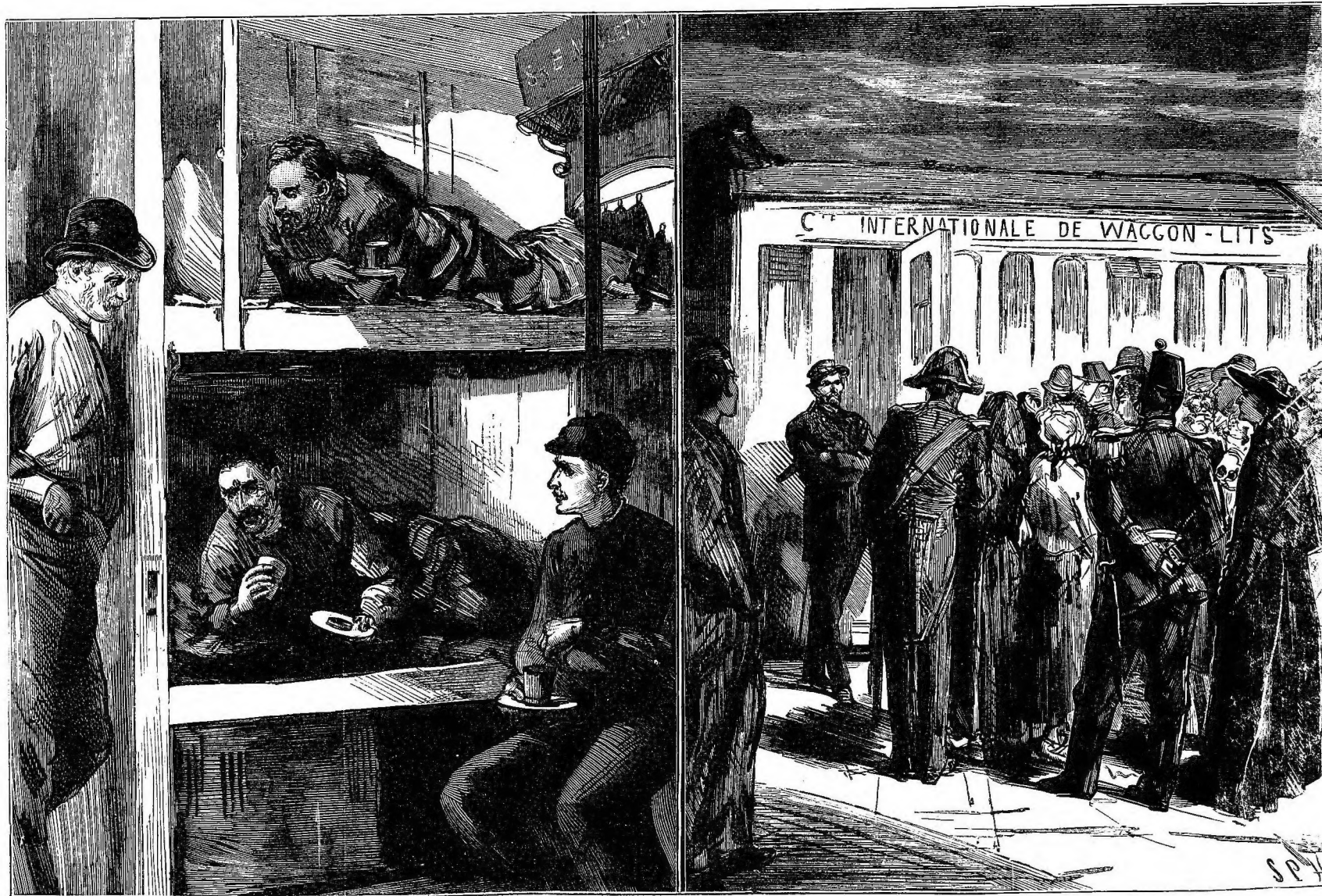
Ireland who believe that Celtic handlessness is not incurable nor its laziness permanent. Parnell medals and agitation sashes are, however, the largest exhibit in Dublin, and their preponderance points to the cause why Irishmen have not unitedly taken advantage of the opportunity to show what they can do. Mr. Parnell's connection with the Exhibition has been resented by the Northern manufacturers and by many of the Dublin merchants. They have no pleasure in associating the event with the Land League and the party of Obstruction. Rather than allow that party to be suspected of having had any share in stimulating Irishmen to worthy constructive works, they have preferred to keep out of it many of the most characteristic products of Irish toil. The Exhibition has, accordingly, not got fair play on account of the fierce political spirit which is at present ruling all classes in Ireland. It is unfortunate because, though Ireland is almost exclusively an agricultural country, it has still a good deal to show besides flour, butter, salmon, whisky, and stout. Nor are all hands employed on political statues, medals, and sashes. Even in the absence of coal and iron to any great extent, there are many important industries. If they had cared to show them, Belfast might have produced in detail all the appliances for ocean liners; Fermanagh examples of pottery which might stand on the most æsthetic tables; Newry the finest of cotton and linen; and Carrickfergus the most pungent of salts.

THE RESTORATION OF CETEWAYO.—It was pretty generally understood that when Cetewayo was permitted to visit this country, his kingdom was, at any rate to some extent, to be restored to him. This surmise has now been confirmed by Lord Kimberley's cautious statement. The decision involves matters of considerable difficulty and complication, yet we believe that the Government have acted both righteously and wisely. The Zulu War was, as we have always affirmed, an iniquitous war, and it was not only a crime, but a blunder. Had we left Cetewayo alone, the British flag would now have waved over the Transvaal, because the Boers, with such a powerful native kingdom on their frontiers, would have been well content to stay annexed. As it is, we have irrecoverably lost Boerland, and we gained a barren victory in Zululand, which simply left that country in a state of anarchy. We hope, however, that Cetewayo clearly understands that he goes back with only the shadow of his former power. There must be no "man-slaying machine," no "washing of spears," no "smelling out" of obnoxious persons. *Per contra*, there is to be no annexation, nevertheless the white man will practically control the government. Of such an arrangement as this implies the Natal colonists can scarcely complain with any reasonableness, but the existing kinglets are scarcely likely to regard with complacency the return of their old "boss," and they may try to stir up strife. The experiment will be watched with an especial interest here, because, ere long, perhaps before Cetewayo reaches his native shores, a similar process, although under somewhat diverse conditions, may become necessary in Egypt. The problem there will be rendered more complex by the fact that a large portion of his own subjects have borne arms against our *protégé*, Tewfik.

THE LAND LEAGUE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—The reports read before the Convention of Land Leaguers at Manchester as to the progress of the movement for the abolition of rent in this country were full of enthusiasm. Though to common observation it seems that there is not much headway being made in the cause of popular confiscation, to the observers who "run" the Land League of Great Britain that is far from being the case. In the Midlands, the agricultural classes are described as rising gradually to the programme set before them; in the North of England they are a trifle more enthusiastic; while in the Scotch Highlands they are, it is said, ripe for the cry of "The Land for the People." It must be admitted that in the Highlands the League has had a little success. The agitation in Skye has been traced to an organisation operating from Dublin; the same organisation is trying to secure local influence on the mainland; and as far north as Caithness it has been able to set tenancies against their landlords on questions concerning the right of pasturage. But there are some weighty reasons why the League should not succeed upon English and Scotch soil. In the first place, they have no Executive. Their Executive in Ireland was the local band of assassins, who, with crape on their faces and blunderbusses in hand, poured shot through cabin windows upon single women and solitary care-takers. In England and Scotland there is no corresponding class from which a choice of agents may be made for putting promptly into effect the commands of local committees. In the second place, the conditions of the Land question are totally different, except in the Scotch Highlands, from those which prevail in Ireland. Where Scotch crofters have, from time immemorial, been accustomed to the side of a mountain, or to a stretch of moor, or a free feeding-ground for their cattle, they will naturally cry out when a proprietor encloses their pasturage for game or other productive purposes. In Skye and Caithness they have followed the Irish teaching willingly enough, under such tenure. But where leases and agreements are the rule, with heavy investments of farmers' capital, there has been no sympathy shown to emissaries of the League. As the autumn advances there is likely to be less, for a good harvest promises to make a general diffusion of contentment.



THE 40-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN IN ACTION ON THE IRONCLAD TRAIN DURING THE RECONNAISSANCE OF AUGUST 5
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Royal Marines



In a Sleeping Car between Paris and Modane

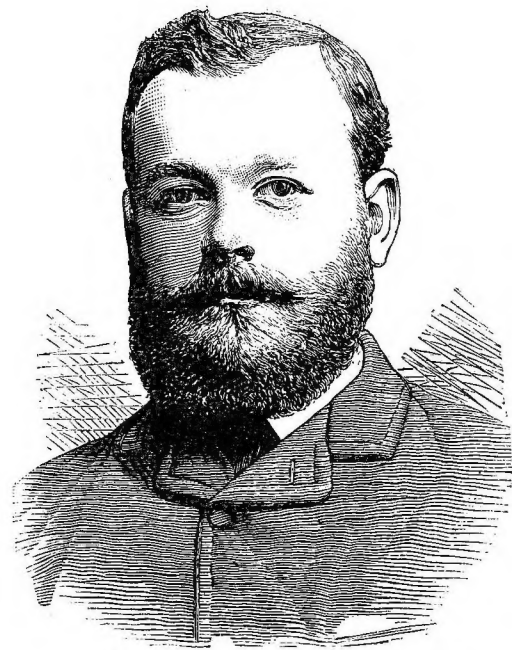
At Modane : Trying to See the English "Milords" and Generals

BRITISH OFFICERS EN ROUTE FOR EGYPT
From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson.

THE WAR IN EGYPT



MR. DUDLEY RAWSON DE CHAIR, MIDSHIPMAN
Now Arabi's Prisoner at Cairo



LIEUTENANT FRANCIS SYDNEY JACKSON
Died from a Wound Received during the Bombardment of Alexandria

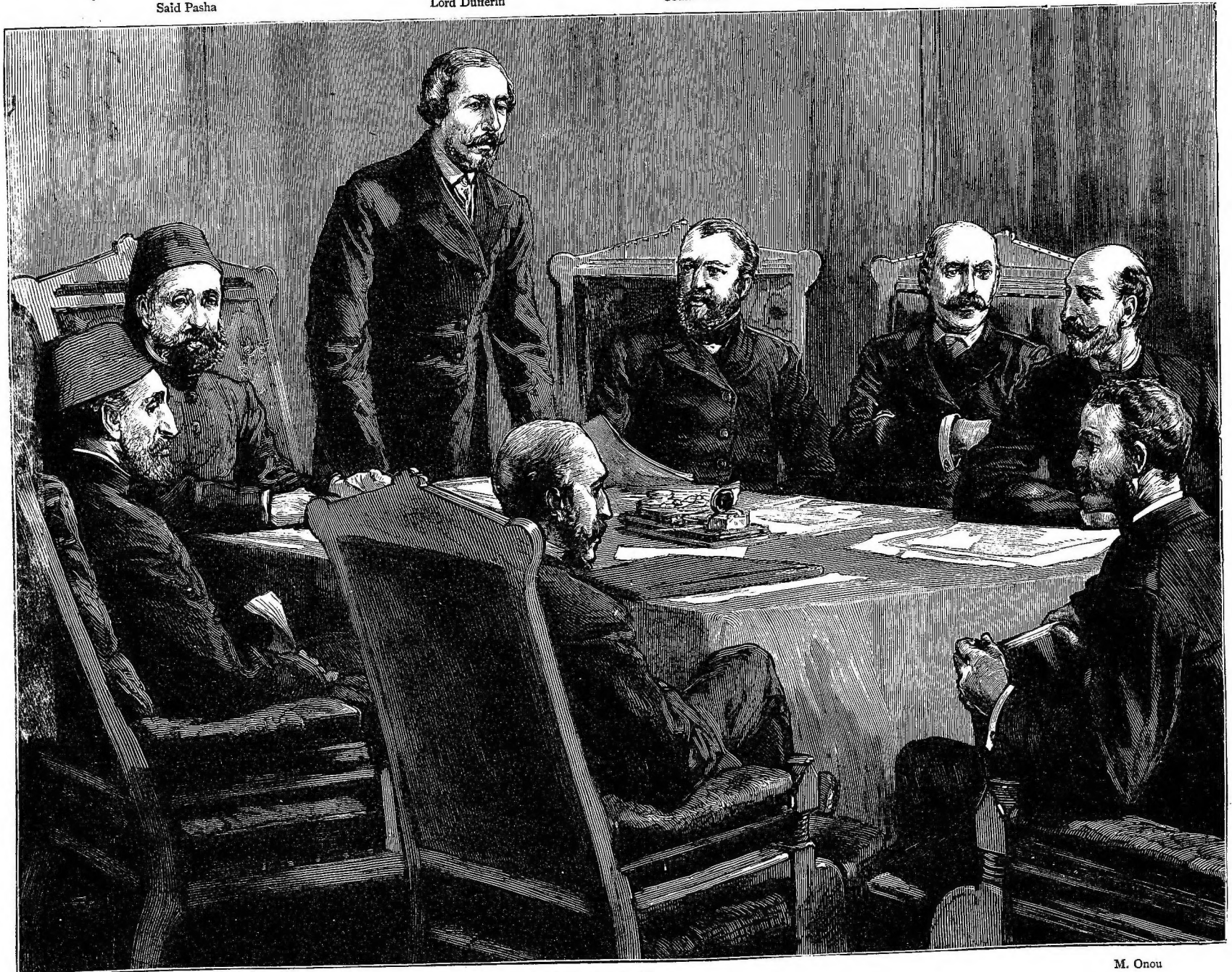
Said Pasha

Lord Dufferin

Count Corti

Baron Calice

Baron Hatzfeld



Assim Pasha

The Marquis de Noailles

M. Onou

THE PORTE AND THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION — A MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

appointment to the *Alexandra*, as midshipman, in January, 1880, to which vessel he still belongs.—Our engraving is from a photograph.

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS SYDNEY JACKSON

LIEUTENANT JACKSON was the only commissioned officer who lost his life through the bombardment of Alexandria. He was wounded during the bombardment, and lingered several days till he died, his death being announced in a telegram from Admiral Seymour, on July 16. Lieutenant Jackson was a naval cadet in April, 1866; midshipman in January, 1868; sub-lieutenant, August, 1872; and lieutenant, October, 1876. His loss is deeply regretted by his comrades of the *Inflexible*, for he was loved and respected by all who knew him.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55 and 56, Baker Street, W.

THE CONFERENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

EVENTS have marched so rapidly since the meeting of the representatives of the European Powers was first mooted, that the interest of the Conference now seems chiefly historical. It almost appears as if it was in July, 1781, that it began sitting, and not six weeks ago. The Turks did not approve of the Conference, and no wonder. How should we like a Conference of Foreign Powers in London to settle what should be done with Ireland? The two situations are not so very dissimilar. The failure of the Conference to do anything practical arose, however, not from the opposition of the Turks, but from the jealousies and suspicions of that discordant apparatus called the European Concert. France fancied that Germany might take the opportunity of falling upon her if she sent an army to Egypt, so she backed out of the enterprise, and now the burden is left to be borne by John Bull's shoulders. Whether the Conference will be resuscitated when John Bull succeeds in crushing Arabi (if he does succeed), and whether the said John will stand any interference with his plans for the regeneration of Egypt on the part of people who have done nothing but talk, is a matter which belongs to the dark and mysterious future. The Conference, it may be observed, sat at the house of the Italian Embassy, Therapia. Turkey was represented by Said Pasha and Assim Pasha, England by Lord Dufferin, France by the Marquis de Noailles, Italy by

Count Corti, Austria-Hungary by Baron Calice, Germany by Baron Hatzfeld, and Russia by M. Onou.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Major the Hon. J. Colborne.

AT THE GABARI GATE

IN peaceful days formerly, especially when the gardens were kept up, Gabari was a place of great resort. The racecourse was close by, and the terrace in front of the palace built by Said Pasha served as the Grand Stand. Our sketch (which, as well as that entitled "Repairing the Railway Line," is by an officer of the R.M.L.I.) shows the picket at the Gabari Bridge occupied by the Marines. In the foreground is a Gatling gun, behind are the barricades and a wool store now used as barracks by the Marines.

SPIKING GUNS

THIS sketch represents one of the spiking parties which landed on the 11th July, after the forts had ceased firing. The party in question were covered by the guns of a man-of-war, still the duty was of a very hazardous character, as the enemy might have been concealed in ambush, or a mine might have been sprung on them. The work, however, was accomplished without opposition or casualty. Some guns were spiked, others were burst by a 16lb. charge of compressed gun-cotton.—Our engraving is from a sketch by an officer of H.M.S. *Monarch*.

REPAIRING THE RAILWAY LINE

WE have already spoken of the ironclad train. Here it is, armed with a Nordenfolt and two Gatling guns, and manned by a party of Engineers, Marine Infantry, and Marine Artillery for the purpose of repairing a line of railway which had been broken by the enemy. Though within a hundred yards of the enemy's outposts no notice was taken by the Egyptians, and the work was completed before daybreak without a shot having been fired.

BEDOUINS ATTACKING AN OUTPOST

THIS affair happened on July 31st. "About midnight," says *The Times* correspondent, "a mounted party of thirty men,

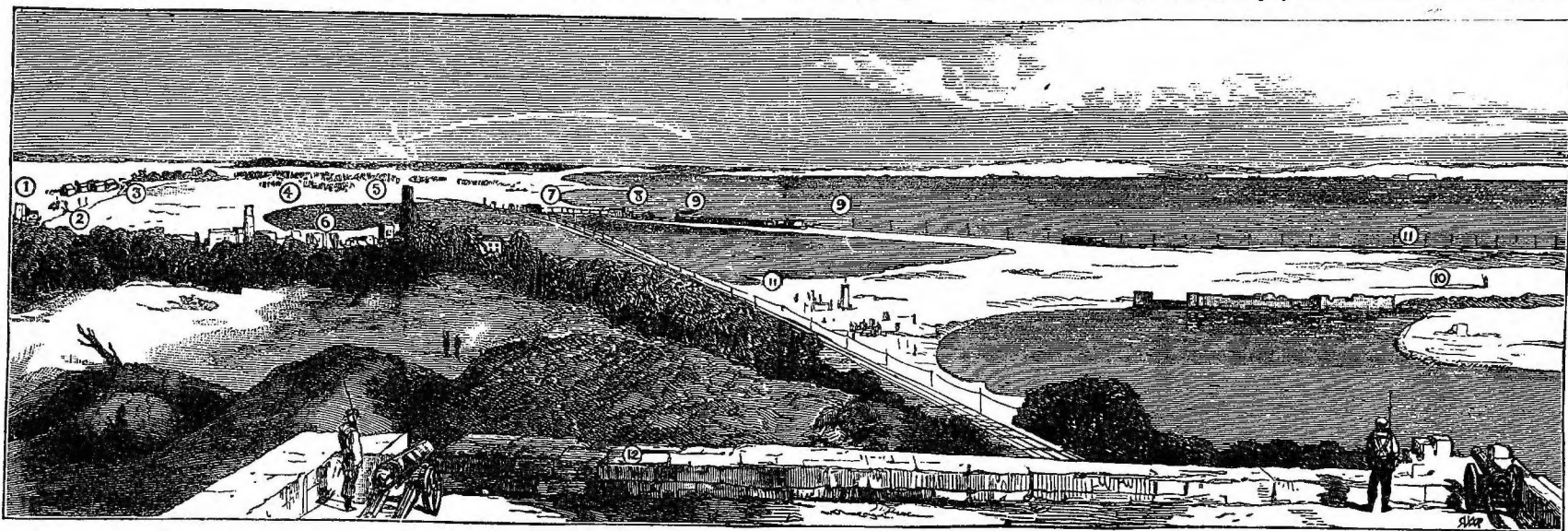
supposed to be Bedouins, attacked the centre of our line of pickets, but, on receiving a volley, wheeled round, evidently with the intention of attacking our pickets on the right. They approached within four hundred yards, but, as it was bright moonlight, they were observed and fired upon. Meanwhile another mounted party of twenty attacked our left picket, but were unsuccessful. This was the first time that such an attempt was made by mounted men."

A MURDERER LED TO EXECUTION

THE prisoner in this case was being tried for looting, when an Arab Judge, Ali Riza Pasha, a man of honourable reputation, recognised him as one of the assassins of June 11th. He had led and instigated a band of thirty Arab boys who killed thirteen persons. Two he had killed with his own hand. He was sentenced by six Moslems to be shot, making the third (this happened July 28th) condemned to the capital penalty. He was shot on the hill on which stands Pompey's Pillar; his grave having been dug in his presence. Court, prisoner, and executioners were all Arabs, nor was any British soldier in sight. The prisoner on the extreme left with the white fez cap is the man condemned to be shot. The two other prisoners, after digging his grave, were to be flogged. On the right is the crier shouting out the crimes of the prisoners to the assembled crowd of Arabs and Europeans.

TROOPS FOR EGYPT—EMBARKATION OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS AND THE ROYAL HORSEGUARDS BLUE AT THE ALBERT DOCKS; THE BANDSMEN WAVING FAREWELL TO THEIR COMRADES

THIS was one of those scenes of parting to which we have become so well accustomed during the last few weeks. A squadron of the 1st Life Guards and a portion of the Royal Horse Guards Blue marched through London early on the morning of the 1st August to embark on board the National Line steamer *Holland* at the Albert Docks for conveyance to Egypt. They were accompanied by the mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards. The Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Childers, the Earl of Morley, and many others, were at the Docks to see the troopship leave. The Horse Guards' band was stationed as usual to play their comrades out of the Docks. When,



1. Aboukir Lake.—2. British Advanced Sentries.—3. Arabi Pasha's Advanced Posts.—4. British Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery Deploying to Meet the Enemy.—5. Rockets and 9-Pounder Guns Firing at 1,800 Yards Range.—6. Pumping Station Held by British Picket.—7. Millaha Junction.—8. De-railed Engine.—9. Two Trains, Engines in Rear, with Gatling Guns and Blue Jackets.—10. Line of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal.—11. Railway to Alexandria from Millaha Junction.—12. Enclosure of Waterwork Tower: The Key of the Ramleh Position, Held by Blue-jackets and Linesmen.

THE WAR IN EGYPT: RECONNAISSANCE WITH THE IRONCLAD TRAIN, JULY 28

From a Sketch by an Officer Who Took Part in the Action

however, the ship was released from her moorings, and slowly went ahead, the emotion of the bandsmen overcame them. Simultaneously they ceased playing, and waving their trumpets in the air, they joined the other spectators in volleys of tumultuous cheering.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 181.

THE CRIMEAN CEMETERIES AS THEY ARE

THE Crimean Cemeteries were at the close of the war 130 in number, and extended from Sebastopol to Balaklava, and from Rameh to the River Chernaya. The greater part were on the plateau in front of the besieged city, the most conspicuous, both from its commanding position and the rank of the dead, being that on Cathcart's Hill. For some time great complaints arose of the neglected state of the cemeteries, and in 1872 Sir John Acland and Colonel Gordon were sent out to report upon them, with the result that all the cemeteries were given up with the exception of eleven. These eleven, the chief of which are the before mentioned one on Cathcart's Hill and the Light Division, extend over an area of fifteen to twenty miles, and are under the supervision of one guardian, acting under the Vice-Consul at Sebastopol. Under this arrangement proper care cannot be taken, and the graves are constantly broken open by the Tartars.

What ought to have been done was to collect all the bodies in one large cemetery like the French and Italians, but the idea was given up from its great expense, and the reburial of the dead after so many years.

The English Government give 50*l.* a year to the custodian, the French 160*l.*, and 4,000 francs for keeping their cemetery in order. The cost of the monument now erecting by the Italians is 10,000 francs.—We are indebted for the foregoing particulars to Captain Edmund R. Boyle, late Coldstream Guards.

MARTIN LUTHER AT THE WARTBURG

THE Castle of the Wartburg, which rises above the town of Eisenach in the neighbourhood of the Thuringian Forest, was founded about 800 years ago. It is a fine Romanesque edifice, restored in 1847, and now a country seat of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. It is adorned with frescoes relating to the history of the castle, and the life of St. Elizabeth. Martin Luther, on his return from the Diet of Worms in 1521, was waylaid and taken prisoner, with the object of insuring his safety, by his friend the Elector Frederick of Saxony, and was conveyed to the Wartburg, where he was disguised as a young nobleman, Junker George. During his imprisonment, which lasted about ten months, he zealously devoted himself to his translation of the Bible. His chamber, which is little altered, still contains several reminiscences of the Reformer, including the famous stain on the wall, made when Luther hurled his ink-bottle at the apparition of the Devil who had tried to snatch away his translation of the Psalms. One night Luther eluded his

watchers, and, leaving a brief note pinned to his door, set out for Wittenberg on foot, still attired in cavalier costume.—Our engravings are from photographs by G. Jagemann, Eisenach.

THE SACRED CAMEL LEAVING FOR MECCA

THE Sacred Camel took its annual departure for Mecca on the 2nd of August, from the Sultan's Palace at Yeldi Gelde, Constantinople. It carries gifts from the Sultan for the Shrine of the Prophet. The procession halted at Tophana, where the camel was transported in a tug across the Bosphorus, a salute being fired on its departure. At Scutari it rested three days, and then proceeded on its journey. The camel is richly caparisoned, its body being nearly hidden under a canopy covered with embroidery. Three or four other camels followed, and four mules bearing a sort of palanquin between them.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Major the Hon. J. Colborne.

ON THE WAY TO THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, MOSCOW

MOSCOW has kept high festival this summer in honour of her National Art and Industrial Exhibition—the largest of the kind ever held in Russia. Originally planned by the late Czar, the Exhibition was opened on June 1st by the Grand Duke Vladimir, the chief religious and civil authorities of the city and a large assembly of visitors being present at the inaugural ceremony. After various prayers, speeches, and a characteristic overture by Herr Rubinstein, introducing the native airs of all races inhabiting the Russian dominions, the Duke inspected the building, and was highly gratified with the admirable collection of national exhibits. Compared with her Western neighbours, Russia is sadly backward alike in arts and manufactures, but the present exhibition notably illustrates the advance made in these branches within the last few years. As such displays are greater novelties in Russia than in most European countries, visitors have poured into Moscow from all parts of the Empire, and the road to the Exhibition Grounds has daily presented a most lively scene. All classes of society and every type of vehicle crowded the muddy streets, each eager to get first to the Exhibition, and charging furiously at such a minor impediment as a herd of cattle which happened to come in the way.

THE SEIZURE OF ARMS AT CLERKENWELL

MOST persons are satisfied with the justice of the sentence passed upon Thomas Walsh, but in one respect his trial was disappointing. There were none of those "startling revelations" which, the reporters assured us, would certainly be made in Court, and there was no evidence tendered to connect Walsh with his superiors in the Fenian "ring." The trial, therefore, was somewhat lacking in excitement, the indignant repudiation of Walsh and his doings by excitable witnesses from Ireland, whose names had been used to cover Walsh's transactions, being among the most humorous incidents. One of these witnesses is shown in our engraving, which

for the rest needs little explanation. Walsh's head is of a resolute but very ordinary type. Sergeant Gallagher's face expresses that quiet force, mingled with acuteness, which is popularly supposed to be the characteristic quality of the modern detective.



THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER was held as usual on Wednesday at the Trafalgar, Greenwich. Mr. Gladstone, on his arrival, was loudly cheered.

AT THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE "IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF GREAT BRITAIN" at Manchester, it was decided that the title should be changed to "National Land and Labour League of Great Britain." Its objects, as now stated, will be "to assist in the attainment of that form of self-government which is desired by a majority of the Irish people at home and abroad, to reduce rack-rents, and enable the tenant farmers of Ireland to become owners of their holdings on reasonable terms, and for this end to organise the Irish vote in Great Britain for electoral purposes, and inform the English working-classes as to the merits of the Irish question." An amendment substituting a declaration in favour of the "nationalisation" of the land was rejected by a large majority. At a subsequent meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Mr. Biggar, M.P., claimed for his party that "it contained within its limits the ablest orators in the House, and men as able as any for details of Parliamentary work," and Dr. Commings, M.P., declared that he "looked forward to a real and cordial union between Great Britain and Ireland, the greatest obstacle to which was the accursed Union by Act of Parliament."

IRELAND.—In Dublin the event of the week has been the two-fold ceremonial of unveiling the O'Connell statue at the Sackville Street end of Carlisle Bridge—henceforth to be known as O'Connell Bridge—and the opening of the Exhibition of Irish Manufactures in Rutland Square. Conspicuous in the lengthy procession, headed by the coal-porters of Dublin—O'Connell's "body-guard" in olden times—was the Triumphal Car on which the Liberator had been conveyed on his release from prison in 1844. The ceremony of unveiling the really fine statue, designed by Foley and completed by his pupil, Mr. Brock, was concluded with an "ornate harangue" from the Lord Mayor and a very few words from Mr. Parnell; and before all the processionists had reached the spot the Mayor had already left to open the Exhibition of Irish Manufactures—if so an exhibition may be called in which all Ireland's greatest manufacturers refused to take any share from the moment that the obstructionists of the Land League prevented its being held under the patronage of Royalty. The garrison of Dublin had been strengthened to the utmost limits; but in the "holiday spirit" of the populace there was nothing to inspire serious

apprehensions. Of the higher Roman Catholic clergy there were present only two Bishops. Meanwhile, the Special Commission under Mr. Justice Lawson has thus far shown that, with change of venue and unlimited challenging of jurors, the law can reach the perpetrators of outrage without recourse to the extraordinary powers conferred by the Coercion Act upon the Judges. Two batches of "Moonlighters" have already been found guilty, and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude; and Hynes, the murderer of the herd Doloughty, has been convicted, and will be sent back to Limerick for execution.—Mr. Gray, M.P., High Sheriff for Dublin, has had to pay severely for inserting (with comments) in the *Freeman's Journal*, of which he is proprietor, a letter charging the jury in Hynes' case with intoxication, when "locked up" for the night in the Imperial Hotel to consider their verdict. On the application of the Solicitor-General he has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months, to pay a fine of 500*l.*, and to find security, under heavy bail-bonds, to keep the peace for six months further. The charges in the letter, it is right to say, were emphatically repudiated by the foreman of the jury.—Outrages this week have been very numerous. The worst, as well as the most daring, was the assassination of a police-constable at Parsonstown. The murderer, who had been standing at the door of a public-house, threw away his pistol and escaped by the back yard, without any attempt being made to seize him by the fallen man's comrade or the bystanders.—The promise of the immediate distribution of the liberal grant of 180,000*l.*, and of inquiry into their grievances generally, has checked in time the nascent spirit of insubordination among the constabulary.—Westgate, who, if his own confession may be believed, was one of the Phoenix Park assassins, has arrived at St. Thomas from Puerto Caballo en route for England. The evidence against him is said to be very strong.

CETEWAYO'S PATIENT EXPECTATION has at last been rewarded with a promise of "partial restoration" to his kingdom—reserving the rights of those who may be unwilling to return under his rule. The noble savage left Melbury Road for the Isle of Wight on Monday morning, and was received most graciously by the Queen, at Osborne—the crew of the *Victoria* and *Albert* forming a guard of honour on the lawn. The cordial character of the reception perhaps prepared him in some measure for the welcome announcement of his approaching restoration, which he received the next day at the Colonial Office. The joy which must have been confined to decorous smiles in the presence of Lord Kimberley, found expression in a wild dance, with much stamping and shouting, after his return to Melbury Road. Cetewayo has been at pains to assure Mr. Allen, the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, that there shall be no slaves under his rule in Zululand. In fact, the Zulus never did take slaves, though Cetewayo remembers, when a young man, that such things were done sometimes by the Boers. On Wednesday, the King gave his first reception. Invitation cards were sent out to over 100 persons, including members of both Houses of Parliament.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES were not at Osborne to receive the Zulu King. They had left for Southsea, for the opening of the new Concert Pavilion, on the Clarence Esplanade Pier, with a grand vocal and instrumental concert, in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music, of which the Prince is President. On Thursday, they sailed for Flushing, the Princess to spend a short time with her Danish kinsfolk, the Prince to seek at the waters of a German bath that renewal of vigorous health which can only be secured by occasional escapes from the social tyranny which now-a-days compels a popular prince to make himself the slave of others' pleasures.

THE PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE PERIOD of active camp life for Volunteers, at Aldershot, has been somewhat marred by an outbreak of illness in several regiments, arising, it is supposed, from wilful or ignorant neglect of the warnings given against taking water from certain pumps. Five men have been sent to the hospital, one with diphtheria, and fifty others have suffered less seriously. The total strength of the Volunteers in camp is, in round numbers, 5,000 men, representing seventeen different counties.

AN UNLUCKY PRACTICAL JOKER.—One of a select party of gentlemen of Wales, who had arranged to fight a main of cocks, near Wrexham, borrowed, the other day, the helmet and tunic of a local policeman; and suddenly appearing among the party thus disguised, caused his friends to flee in wild dismay, leaving behind them ample evidence of the illegal sport in which they had been engaged. Unfortunately for him and them, the Chief Constable of the county came to hear of it, and at once instituted inquiries into the whole matter. The result has been the issue of about a dozen summonses against "gentlemen moving in good society, and enjoying more or less prominent positions."

CONFERENCES AND MEETINGS are getting into full swing. Last Saturday the British Medical Association wound up a week's hard work in eight different sections with three pleasant excursions out of Worcester to the Malvern Hills, to Stratford-upon-Avon, and to Hereford and Ross, returning *via* Tintern and Chepstow. The International Law Conference concluded its sittings at Liverpool, and last Tuesday the Institution of Mechanical Engineers opened its summer meeting at Leeds. The British Association, the parent of the rest, which meets at Southampton on the 23rd, has just issued a very attractive programme.

IN PROFESSOR JEVONS the country has lost another man of science whom it will be hard to replace, through what we fear must be called the inseparable accidents of the holiday season. The Professor, who had been in somewhat delicate health, was staying at Bexhill with his wife and family, and left them on Monday morning to take a bath. A short time after his body was found by a labourer floating on the waves at a little distance from the shore, but life had already become extinct. The place was said to be dangerous at high water for men who were not strong swimmers. Professor Jevons was one of our most distinguished political economists, and some years ago took a leading part in the discussion of the probable exhaustion of our coal fields.

IN DEFAULT OF A CHANNEL TUNNEL, the London, Chatham, and Dover Company seem to have given the tourist the next best thing—a vessel which will take him across the Straits in something less than an hour and a quarter. Such at least was the performance of the *Invicta* on her trial trip, when the passage to Calais was effected in one hour twelve minutes, and the return journey in only two minutes more.

FROM HULL come sad tidings of the distress of the numerous Jewish refugees who have fled thither from the Continent. They cannot return, for beyond Hamburg they are not allowed to pass, and the funds of the Jewish community at Hull are rapidly becoming exhausted. An appeal has consequently been made to the Lord Mayor.

IN BOLTON, on Wednesday, there was a terrible scene at a fire in the Persian Cotton Mills. The flames spread so fast that the work-people in the upper rooms could only escape by dropping from the windows or sliding down the hoist chain. Two were so injured that they died, and many more so seriously hurt that they had to be taken to the hospital.

A SUBWAY IS TO BE CONSTRUCTED UNDER THE STRAND ROADWAY from the Middle Temple to the New Law Courts, so as to prevent business men being delayed by the press of traffic in the Strand. The new road is also to be used by the general public, but will not be open in the evening.



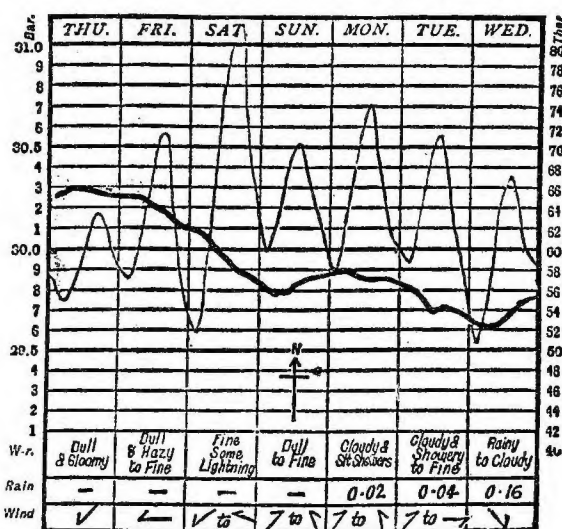
THE TURF.—Though more or less of an "off" week, preceding, as it does, the great meeting at York, there has been some pretty fair racing at Stockton, in the North, and Egham, in the South. At the former, where business is thought of more than pleasure, Lord Zetland's Amalfi won the Zetland Biennial for three-year-olds, and his Hardrada was to the fore in the Town Welter. Lord Castlereagh's Suffragan took the South Stockton Stakes for two-year-olds, and Berzenze, who was made first favourite, beat a field of eight in the Stockton Handicap. The Hardwicke Stakes for two-year-olds produced a field of eleven, and no mistake was made in electing the Lady Newby filly first favourite, as she won easily by a length. At Egham, where pleasure predominates over business, the Magna Charta Stakes for juveniles fell to Birmingham, and the King John Stakes to Ermine. Lilliputian, who seems always to get well placed, won both the Ankerwycke Plate and the Duke of Edinburgh Cup. Subduer took the Egham Welter on the second day, and Antler the Baron's Stakes for two-year-olds. The Surrey and Middlesex Stakes were won by Brilliance, the favourite Red King only getting third in a field of six.—Geheimniss and Shotover continue very steady at the head of the St. Leger market, there being only a slight shade of odds in favour of the former, who is quoted at 9 to 4. Nothing else has come in lately for much support, but Sweetbread, the winner of the Hunt Cup at Ascot, stands at 9 to 1. Marden is nibbled at as an outsider, and it must not be forgotten that his recent performance at Kempton Park was a good one, while at Egham, on Tuesday last, in the Three-Year-Old Stakes, he showed well.

CRICKET.—The second match of the Canterbury week between Kent and Middlesex resulted in an easy victory for the latter by ten wickets, notwithstanding the grand hitting of Lord Harris, who, after scoring 72 in his first, made 101 runs in his second innings.—Lancashire has scored two more victories, the one over a very feeble opponent in the shape of Somersetshire, which was beaten by nine wickets, and the other over Gloucestershire. The last-named county showed improvement on its recent performances, and was only beaten by 13 runs. Dr. E. M. Grace, who was in his prime as far back as twenty years ago, never showed better form than this season, and his 122 in the second innings against Lancashire was a splendid exhibition of cricket.—At Cheltenham, where the cricket week seems to find more favour every year, Gloucestershire has suffered defeat from Middlesex by eight wickets, the Metropolitan county showing very good all-round form, and evidently playing better as the season is drawing towards its close.—It is hardly necessary to say that Yorkshire has made short work of Sussex.—Very great interest was felt in the match at the Oval, last week, between an Eleven of our Players and the Australians. The professionals went in first, and put together the good total of 322, to which M. Read contributed 130 and Barnes 87. The Australians replied only with 150, and had to undergo for the first time the ignominious process of "following on;" but so good was the bowling and fielding of our professionals, that they got their opponents out for 138, and thus defeated them in one innings with 34 runs to spare. The result of this game is somewhat of a relief to the minds of many English cricketers, showing, as it does, that even among a limited number of professionals we can find an eleven to give a good beating to our illustrious visitors. Going northwards the Australians in the early part of the week found at Derby a mixed eleven of Players and Gentlemen arrayed against them. The former by scoring 230 in their first innings, and getting the Australians out for 180, again showed that the latter cannot carry all before them. However, they made a drawn game of it, as the mixed eleven in their second innings only managed to put together 78. Mr. Thornton and Mr. Tylecote, who is in excellent form just now, did best for their side with the bat, and in his first innings Murdoch scored 70 for his.

BICYCLING.—A Two Miles Championship for Amateurs has been won at Newcastle by Mr. T. D. Oliver, of that city.

SHOOTING.—Fine weather, and a plentiful supply of healthy birds in all directions, made "the Twelfth" indeed "glorious" for grouse-shooters. The reports from both Scotch and English moors record good bags, and, there is little trace of grouse disease.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM AUGUST 10 TO AUGUST 16 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of this period an anti-cyclone lay well over the country, and the weather, although dull and misty at times, was upon the whole fair and dry. On Saturday (11th inst.) the high pressure system began to break up, the change being at first accompanied by a considerable clearance of the sky and a consequent rise in temperature, the maximum of 82° registered on Saturday (12th inst.) being the highest reported this season. The fine summer weather did not, however, last long, for on Sunday (13th inst.) some depressions passed across the country, causing thunderstorms in many places, and cloudy, unsettled weather in the neighbourhood of London. On Monday and Tuesday (14th and 15th inst.) further disturbances appeared, and slight rain fell, but on Wednesday (16th inst.) these all passed away eastwards, the barometer rose, the wind shifted to the north-westward, and the weather again became fine. The change of wind occasioned a decided fall of temperature, and the maximum on Wednesday (16th inst.) was 15° lower than on Saturday (12th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.28 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (29.62 inches) on Wednesday (16th inst.); range, 0.66 inches. Temperature was highest (82°) on Saturday (12th inst.); lowest (51°) on Wednesday (16th inst.); range, 31°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.22 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.16 inches, on Wednesday (16th inst.).



RECONNOITRING BY BALLOON is to be tried at Alexandria.

THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM now contains a valuable collection of modern paintings lent by the Duchess of Edinburgh.

THE ITALIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, which recently started under the command of Lieutenant Bove, has been wrecked off Cape Horn. Happily all the explorers were saved by an English vessel.

A SALVATION ARMY CAMPAIGN IN INDIA will shortly be undertaken. The "Army" will make its headquarters at Bombay, and will work solely among the natives, considering that the Europeans are sufficiently provided for in religious matters.

THE POPULATION OF SCOTLAND last year numbered 3,744,685 persons, according to the Registrar-General's report, and of these 1,802,901 were males, and 1,941,784 females. During the year, there were 126,214 births, 72,301 deaths, and 25,948 marriages, the rate of each being below the average.

HOUSEHOLD PETS LEFT IN LONDON during the holiday season often fare ill in their owners' absence, birds being starved by forgetful servants, and cats being left to prowling round the shut-up house and provide for themselves. Our Transatlantic cousins are more considerate, however, and in New York there is a regular boarding establishment for birds, where families going out of town can have their pets well looked after for a very small sum. The manager of the boarding-house finds his business largely patronised.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS are steadily increasing in favour, and there are now four lines working, two in Germany, one in Holland, and one in Northern Ireland—from Port Rush to Bush Mills—while ten more are to be constructed. Two of these proposed lines are in England—one under the Thames, from Charing Cross to Waterloo Station, the other in South Wales, for which the force will be derived from a waterfall; and the remainder are to be in Germany, Austria, Italy, and the United States. Respecting electricity, it is interesting to note that at the South Kensington Museum the electric light has actually proved cheaper than gas. The working expenses of the light in the Museum within the past twelve months have been at the rate of 750*l.* yearly less than the cost of the old system.

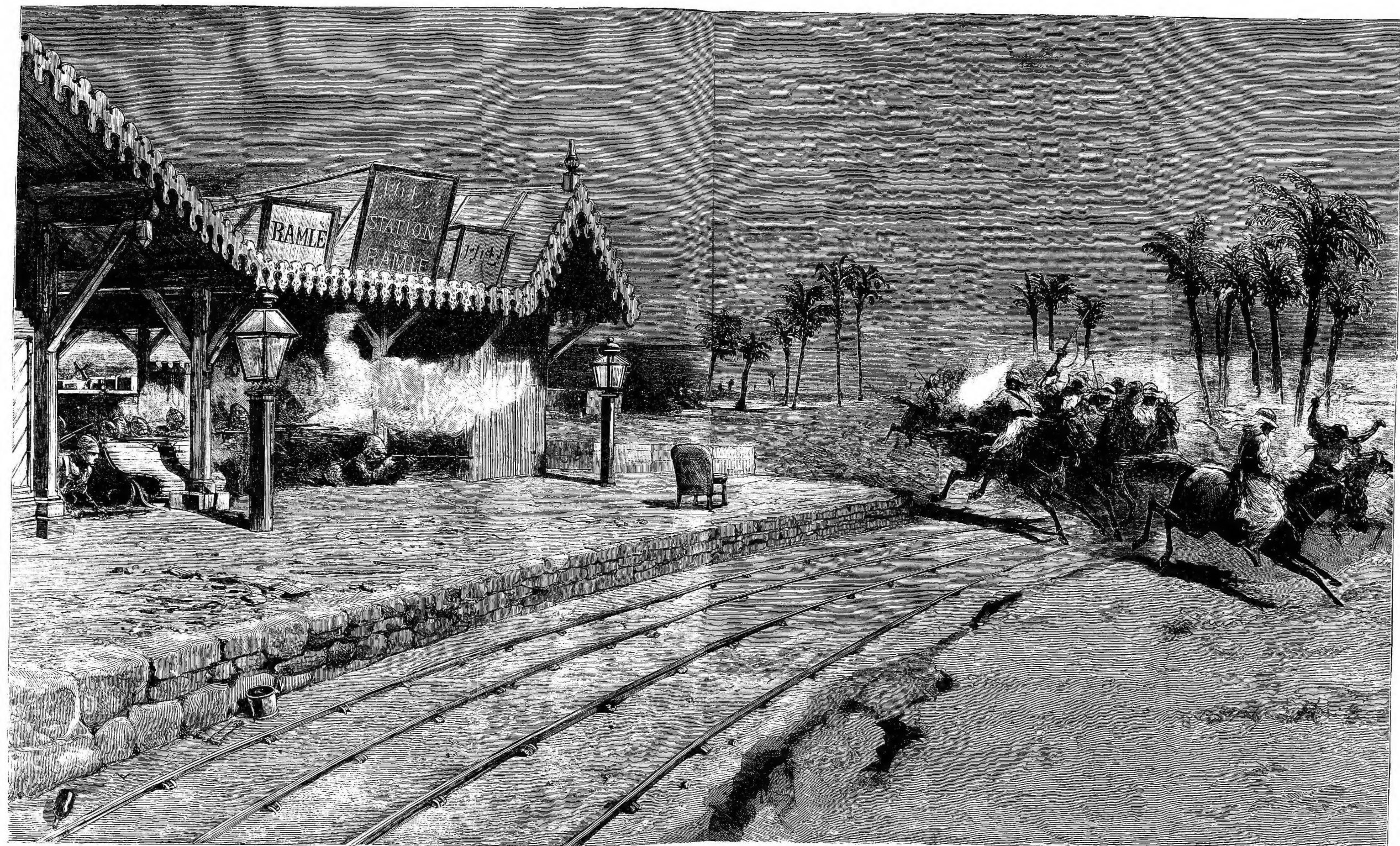
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,417, against 1,370 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 47, although 239 below the average, while the death-rate increased to 19 per 1,000. There were 4 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 3), 25 from measles (a decrease of 8), 39 from scarlet fever (a decline of 1), 18 from diphtheria (a rise of 3), 44 from whooping cough (a fall of 13), 11 from enteric fever (a decrease of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 147 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 29), and 6 from simple cholera. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 223 from 193, and were 53 above the average, while different forms of violence caused 62 deaths, of which 52 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,304 births registered (a decrease of 242, and being 232 below the average). The mean temperature was 61° 0 deg.—1° 7 deg. below the average.

TWO FRESCOES BY BOTTICELLI, now in the Paris Louvre, have caused a curious dispute with the Italian Government. One of the Louvre officials saw the frescoes at Florence last November, and offered to buy them for 1,400*l.*, but the Italian Government refused to authorise the sale, quoting the law that no work of Art shall be conveyed out of the country without the consent of the State. Accordingly the scheme failed. Shortly after, the proprietor of the frescoes sold them to an Italian amateur; while in March last, the paintings mysteriously appeared in France, and were hung in the Louvre. The Italians are very indignant, and a strict inquiry is to be opened at Florence to find out how the frescoes were smuggled into France. Talking of Parisian Art, the Luxembourg, after being closed for the annual re-arrangement of pictures, has now re-opened with nine fresh works bought at the last Salon, and an interesting painting by Courbet, "Man with a Leather Belt."

ARABI PASHA'S PROPER NAME is "AHMET," the name of Arabi being merely derived from the village of Orabi, whence his family originally sprung. So devout Mussulmans are now being reminded that according to tradition the leader who shall restore Mohammedanism to its pristine glory is to be called Ahmet. This triumph of Islam over Christianity is predicted to take place in the thirteenth century of the Hegira, now only a few months distant, and Arabi's partisans are not backward to make capital out of the coincidence. Arabi himself keeps up his character of a religious champion by most ostentatious piety. Thus a French writer who was present when the rebel was discussing with his colleagues, the answer to the Anglo-French Note demanding his own exile, relates that as the hour of prayer sounded in the midst of the discussion Arabi suddenly got up, fetched his prayer-carpet, and went through his devotions in a loud tone, subsequently resuming his consultation as calmly as if it was a matter of no importance.

THE SAINTE MARIE—last Tuesday—is one of the most popular festivals in France, as it is not only the Fête of the Virgin, and so kept in great honour, but also the name-day of the great majority of the French people, who generally add "Marie" for good luck at their children's christening, whether the baby be boy or girl. Every feminine Marie accordingly expects a bouquet on August 15, and this year flowers were worked into a variety of forms for novelty's sake. The most common bouquets were globes of roses, eggs formed out of lilies and the scarlet gladiolus, and huge flat baskets filled with damask roses, from which the initial "M" stood out in jessamine or in tea-roses on a heliotrope ground. Wheelbarrows abounded, from those of gilded wicker-work to tiny ones of Venice glass or Dresden china; rare China plates were wreathed in floral garlands, and cushions of white roses had heavy tassels at the corner of dark red blossoms. The most novel devices were cages of roses holding china birds, a set of toilet ornaments entirely composed of real blossoms, and a miniature Louis XV. sedan chair, ornamented with rose wreaths, forming congratulatory sentences in shaded flowers.

THE RECENT FATAL ALPINE ACCIDENTS have called forth an energetic protest from the President of the Alpine Club and his two predecessors against the dangerous practice of a traveller attempting a difficult ascent with only one guide, as in the case both of Professor Balfour and Mr. Penhall. They point out that in an accident a single man can do little to help a disabled companion, while when only two are roped together on any steep and dangerous place the one is rarely strong enough to hold up the other in case of a fall. Four men to a rope they consider a safe number—at all events there should never be less than three persons linked together nor more than five. Meanwhile a fresh disaster has happened in Switzerland, where an Englishman, Dr. Gobat, and two guides, who started from Zermatt for the ascent of the Dent Blanche, on Friday, have been killed by a fall. Their bodies have been found on a glacier on the side of the Valley of Herens. Two further holiday accidents are also to be chronicled in our own country. Professor Stanley Jevons has been drowned whilst bathing at Bexhill, near St. Leonard's; and a Scotch artist, Mr. Robert M'Ewen, met with a similar fate by slipping over a precipitous cliff in Shetland—the Knab, near Lerwick.



THE WAR IN EGYPT—SKIRMISH BETWEEN BEDOUINS ATTEMPTING TO ENTER RAMLEH FROM THE ABOUKIR DESERT AND A PICKET OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH (SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE) REGIMENT

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—Alexandria is fast filling with British troops, and in a few days the whole of the main force will be assembled, while the Indian contingent may be looked for at Suez. Since the arrival of the Guards, with the Duke of Connaught, at the end of last week, fresh detachments have disembarked daily. They were inspected by their chiefs, and received a few words of advice before taking up their respective positions. The men are in capital condition after their voyage, and their appearance has much impressed the natives, who were particularly struck by the Scots and Grenadier Guards as they marched through the town on their way to Ramleh. Sir Evelyn Wood arrived on Tuesday, and later in the day came Sir Garnet Wolseley. At present Sir A. Alison, however, retains local command, until Sir Garnet becomes acquainted with the state of the defences and the surrounding country, and prepares his plan of action. The Commander-in-Chief has issued a proclamation to the Egyptian people, announcing that the British expedition is solely intended to restore order, and that all articles taken by the troops will be scrupulously paid for. Further, he invites the people to give information against the rebels. With Sir Garnet's arrival the active work of the campaign may be expected to begin, putting an end to the present state of delay and petty skirmishes. In the interval the military operations have been insignificant. Both sides have confined themselves to strengthening their positions and to small reconnaissances, of which the most important was Colonel Gerard's expedition to inspect Arabi's new earthwork near King Osman, the site of the skirmish on the 5th inst. The enemy gave chase, but were soon dispersed. Nevertheless this earthwork is assuming serious proportions, and all along his lines Arabi has well profited by the delay in the English attack, his fortified positions at Kafr Dower being reported very strong. A daring effort—which, however, proved fruitless—to gain further information of the true state of Arabi's defences, has been made by two naval officers, Lieutenants Smith-Dorrien and Hamilton, who waded into Lake Mareotis at night close to the enemy's lines. They had a narrow escape, as the Egyptians turned strong blue-lights upon them, but by remaining quiet in the water the officers managed ultimately to return safely. Round Mex the Bedouins have kept the troops well on the alert, and several minor brushes are reported. Reinforcements have now been sent to this position, while the main strength of the troops is quartered along the Ramleh lines, where the Duke of Connaught commands one brigade of the Guards, and General Graham is in charge of the remaining forces. All the positions have been minutely inspected by the newly-arrived Generals, and the troops are now in high spirits at the prospect of speedy action. As yet their health has not suffered from the water, although the Mahmoudiyeh Canal is now nearly dry, and the small amount of liquid remaining is very bad. Condensers and wells will furnish sufficient for the British forces, but the inhabitants of Alexandria are likely to be greatly distressed, and the British Consul has requested his fellow-officials to prevent their countrymen from returning. The Alexandrian authorities also check as much as possible the return of low-class Europeans, a precaution all the more necessary as the British have now completely relinquished the management of the police to Egyptian officials, and the native population are again disposed to show hostility to foreigners. Meanwhile the Khédive has been receiving the British officials, and appeared in good spirits at his public reception on the first day of Bairam. Fortunately for the success of our operations, the weather is unusually cool, while the rise of the Nile is much later than in most years.

Arabi himself remains remarkably quiet, and indeed news from the interior is decidedly scanty. Cairo seems peaceful, but the people are constantly excited by absurd reports of the British cruelty and defeats, which indeed are sedulously spread throughout the country. The greatest activity prevails in the Aboukir Forts, which now form a long line of strong defences from Aboukir proper to Rosetta, well armed and occupying good positions. Moreover, as the water of the Bay is shallow, the ironclads cannot approach very near. Otherwise little comparatively is known of the position of the rebels, although a large irregular force is said to be gathered under Mahmoud Samy towards Ismailia, probably at Nefishe. No Egyptian troops have been seen anywhere near the Canal, and at Suez Admiral Hewett has been obliged to take possession of the waterworks, owing to the opposition of the Canal Company. His action, however, is supported by two decrees issued by the Khédive, authorising the British to occupy any points of the country for military operations, and to adopt what precautionary measures may be necessary along the Canal. He particularly directs these orders to the inhabitants of the Isthmus and the Canal officials, a hint to M. de Lesseps.

Some definitive steps may now be taken for the guardianship of the Canal, as the Italian proposal has been accepted by all the Powers, Lord Dufferin stipulating, however, that in case of necessity troops might be permitted to land at any point. Thus the Conference at CONSTANTINOPLE has little more to do; and, though not yet dissolved, the members have virtually adjourned indefinitely, as the present difficulties between England and the Porte respecting the Military Convention are beyond their province. Although accepting in principle an Anglo-Turkish Convention defining the limits of her military action in Egypt, Turkey can by no means agree as to the actual terms of the arrangement. She is willing to limit the force to 6,000 men; but is obstinately opposed to the British Commander directing all strategical movements, and further demands that the British force should be withdrawn simultaneously with the Turkish troops. So far England has conceded that the Turks shall not be under the immediate command of the British General; but is determined that their operations shall be subordinate to the English plan of campaign, and at present the difference of opinion is very acute. Lord Dufferin has altogether declined to accept the draft of the Convention drawn up by the Porte, and has presented a counter-proposition. Whether the Sultan will suddenly give way, as has been his practice of late, when the opportunity is well nigh past, or whether no Turkish troops will be sent after all, the next few days must show. At all events, the small force already despatched has stopped at Suda Bay, and preparations to send others have been suddenly countermanded. Nor has the proclamation against Arabi been issued yet, although the draft has been submitted to Lord Dufferin, and proves fairly satisfactory. Arabi is plainly declared a rebel, his offences being categorically enumerated, and the Porte distinctly affirms its intention to maintain the Khédive's authority. The Sultan's unwillingness to endanger his influence with the Mahomedans has been heightened by the gradual spread of religious agitation throughout the Levant. In Beyrout riots have occurred against the Christians, and alarming signs of fanaticism have appeared all over Syria; while, so far as Tripoli, the Mussulmans are in a very disturbed state.

These threatening symptoms in Syria have aroused special concern in FRANCE, a large number of French being resident in that country. Indeed, foreign affairs have resumed their absorbing interest for France, where, as the Ministry have settled down quietly, and politicians are enjoying their holidays, there is little of importance going on at home. Thus the press teems with comments on England's conduct, and while one party favours British influence in the East,

as checking that of Germany, the majority return to their old attacks. The jealousy of English preponderance on the Suez Canal cannot be quelled, and the *Debat* warns Great Britain to be cautious at Suez, lest she should create an injudicious precedent for the United States with regard to the Panama Canal, which one day will be even more valuable than the Egyptian waterway by affording speedy communication with our Australian possessions. Another foreign topic is a dispute with Madagascar, where the French authorities have quarrelled with the natives respecting the purchase of land, and there is some prospect of sending French ships to support the Europeans.

While all other political parties are quiet the Bonapartists took the opportunity of their old *fête* day, August 15th, to indulge in a small manifestation in favour of Prince Victor. A grand banquet was given, at which M. Paul de Cassagnac prophesied the speedy triumph of the Imperial cause, as the Republic was "in its last throes," and this gathering is noteworthy as the first important demonstration since the Prince Imperial's death. Tuesday being also the *fête* of the Assumption was kept as a general holiday throughout France, Paris being especially gay. The Parisians, however, have mostly been thronging to the Fenayrou trial, a brutal case of murder by a man, his wife, and brother, and which has resulted in the chief offender being condemned to death, and the wife and brother to various terms of imprisonment. The official returns of the census taken last December have now been published, and show an unfavourable rate of increase in the population since the last return. France now contains 37,672,040 inhabitants, an increase of only 766,260 in five years, while in the preceding four years the increase amounted to over 800,000. The large towns gradually attract the body of the population, and in the provinces the increase is very small. Paris numbers 2,269,023 inhabitants (a rise of 14 per cent.), and Lyons and Marseilles are the two next largest cities of the Republic, containing respectively 370,000 and 360,000 persons.

GERMANY.—The quiet of the summer season is past, and between the electoral campaign, clerical affairs, and military manoeuvres, the Germans will find plenty to occupy them at home for the next few weeks. The elections for the Prussian Diet take place on October 11th and 18th, and already all parties have begun to hold meetings and make elaborate speeches. Moreover the anti-Jewish agitation has been again aroused as an electoral manoeuvre, those zealous "Jew-baiters" Dr. Henrici and Pastor Stocker informing enthusiastic meetings in Berlin that there can be neither national dignity nor economic, artistic, nor literary prosperity in Germany so long as the Jews are tolerated. The Liberals are particularly active, and so far have a good chance of success, thanks to the aggressive attitude of the Ultramontanes. As Herr von Schloezer's mission to Rome has virtually failed—the Vatican being unwilling to give way in the slightest degree lest the May Laws should again be enforced—the Ultramontane Press is once more trying to excite pious Catholics against the Government, and there appears every prospect of the Kulturkampf being resumed with fresh energy. The Bishop of Breslau is the chief aggressor at present, and he now forbids his priests to consecrate any marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant which has previously been celebrated by a Protestant pastor. Part of his diocese being in the Austrian dominions, the Bishop can retreat out of the Prussian jurisdiction if prosecuted by the State. Turning to the manoeuvres, a number of Royal visitors, including the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria, are expected to witness the coming operations, and the Emperor has been entertaining the King of Greece at Babelsberg, where the Empress Augusta met with a serious fall on Saturday, and has since been obliged to keep her room.—Prince Bismarck has been petitioned to require indemnification for those German merchants who suffered by the disasters at Alexandria. Probably the Chancellor will send to the coming Parliament a series of diplomatic notes explaining the German policy on the Eastern Question.

INDIA.—Education is the chief home topic, and the President of the Education Commission, who has been making a tour of inquiry in the Punjab and North-West Provinces, has been received everywhere with great warmth. Many native associations have founded prizes and scholarships in honour of his visit, and the President has gathered together much valuable information. The Government is anxious to promote the iron industry in India, and has issued a resolution explaining the resources of the country.

AFGHANISTAN continues fairly tranquil, and the British Envoy at Kabul thinks favourably of the future of the country until the death of the Ameer of Bokhara, when, if Russia annexes Bokhara, he considers that Afghanistan will be laid open to invasion, and will be unable to defend herself.

UNITED STATES.—The Americans have been complaining somewhat warmly of the British Post Office opening suspicious letters and parcels from the States, and though the Washington authorities pronounce England to be in the right, the Press decidedly condemns the practice. There is little news save that the Mormons in Utah have organised a steady persecution of the Gentiles; and that an agreement has been signed with Mexico allowing troops of both nations to cross the boundary in pursuit of hostile Indians.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Coronation of the Czar of RUSSIA is not to be deferred after all, but will take place on October 1st. Still, the festivities will take place on a small scale, as no Foreign Sovereigns will be invited, nor will there be the usual State procession of the Imperial pair through the city.—In AUSTRIA, Trieste still continues agitated, and while several arrests have been made in connection with the recent riots, the Irredentists have issued an impertinent address, avowing their intention to revolutionise the city and neighbourhood.—In ITALY, Rome has been greatly scandalised of late by the abusive personal attacks in a journal belonging to a certain Signor Coccapieller, a hitherto unknown writer, who has suddenly sprung into fame. The Government has been petitioned to suppress the print, but refuses, and Signor Coccapieller has gained further notoriety by an unsuccessful attack which has been made on his life. The Pope finds the hot weather most trying, and is said to be very weak just now.—EASTERN ROMANIA is quarrelling with Turkey over certain villages in the Rhodope Mountains ceded by the Berlin Treaty, and which Turkey refuses to give up. Aleko Pasha threatens the Porte with a reduction of the tribute.—BULGARIA proposes to change entirely the present system of national representation, and is just now sorely harassed by brigands.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Natal Legislative Council have decided against Lord Kimberley's proposal of self-government, considering the colony too weak to dispense with British troops. The news of the intended restoration of Cetewayo has caused great consternation amongst a large party in the colony, who fear that war will ensue on the King's return. Small-pox is spreading at the Cape, and greatly injuring trade.



The Queen inspected the *Bacchante*, in Cowes Roads, on Saturday, the Duchess of Connaught and the Princesses Beatrice, Sophie, and Margaret also joining the party. Her Majesty was received by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children,

and was conducted round the vessel by Lord Charles Scott, the *Bacchante* firing a Royal salute as the Queen and her companions left for Osborne in the *Alberta*. On the way back the Royal steamer narrowly escaped running down a small screw yacht which deliberately crossed the *Alberta*'s bows. In the evening Canon Duckworth and the Rev. G. Connor dined with Her Majesty, and next morning Canon Duckworth performed Divine Service at Osborne before the Queen, the Duchess of Connaught, and the three Princesses; while in the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons, joined the Royal party at dinner. Cetewayo was received by Her Majesty on Monday; the Zulu ex-King crossing to Cowes in the *Fire Queen*, and being received at Osborne by a guard of honour from the *Victoria and Albert*. Lord Kimberley introduced Cetewayo to the Queen, and, after a quarter of an hour's conversation, the ex-King and his chiefs were entertained at luncheon and left for town. On Wednesday Her Majesty witnessed a cricket match between the Osborne and the Royal Yacht Clubs, and next day the Queen would present new colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Berks Regiment. Yesterday (Friday) Her Majesty was to hold a Council at Osborne, and early next week the Queen and Princess Beatrice leave for the Highlands, visiting the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig on the way.

The Prince of Wales at the end of last week dined on board the *Bacchante*, to take leave of the officers on the vessel being paid off. He thanked them warmly for their kindness to his sons. All the young Princes' messmates have been presented with a souvenir of the cruise. On Saturday the Prince and Princess, with their family, witnessed the Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta at Portsmouth, when the Prince's small yacht, *Belle Lurette*, competed in the match for Una boats, and came in second. On Monday the Prince and Princess and their children left the Isle of Wight for London, stopping on their way home at Southsea Pier to open the new Concert Pavilion, where a performance was given in aid of the Royal College of Music. In the evening the Prince and Princess with their two sons went to the Princess's Theatre. Next day the Prince and his sons visited Mr. Gladstone, and accompanied the Princess to see the Duchess of Cambridge, while in the evening the Royal party went to Drury Lane Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess received Cetewayo, their family and the Duke of Cambridge being present at the interview, and in the evening the Royal party went to the Savoy Theatre. On Thursday the Prince and Princess were to leave for Germany, crossing in the *Osborne* to Flushing, and travelling thence to Wiesbaden. Here the Princess will meet her family, the King and Queen of Denmark and the King of Greece, while the Prince will undergo a three weeks' course of water-drinking, in order to recruit his health after the fatiguing public duties of the past few months.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany will take a short cruise down Channel in the *Lively* before going to Scotland.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visit Victoria, Vancouver's Island, next month, and the colony is preparing an elaborate reception. The Princess and her husband had capital sport during their late trip on the Cascapedia River, when they caught seventy-six salmon varying from 26 to 33 lbs. a-piece.—The Duchess of Teck is staying at Richmond during her husband's absence.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has gone to Arenenberg for her usual summer visit.



COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These entertainments seem to retain their hold upon the public, and, thanks to the new arrangements, those who go for the exclusive purpose of listening to the music can do so comparatively free from disturbance. The seats in front of the orchestra, now unreserved and open to all, are invariably filled before the concert begins—filled, it need hardly be said, by genuine amateurs, who, apart from the music, care little for any of the surrounding attractions. On Wednesday, the second "classical night," so denominated, the theatre was crowded, and the programme of the best. The first part, with which only we are concerned, began with Beethoven's grand (really "grand") overture to *Leonora* (*Fidelio*, No. 3), included the *Entr'acte* No. 2 from Schubert's *Rosamunde* (for the rescuing of which, with much more of the same kind, from oblivion we are indebted to Mr. George Grove and the Crystal Palace); and ended with Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major (the "Italian"), perhaps after the "C minor" of Beethoven, the most generally popular work of its kind, although not published till some years after the too early death of its gifted composer. The execution of the last-named piece was remarkably spirited and good, although perhaps the opening movement would have been still more effective had Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe, the conductor, taken the *tempo* a shade slower. As for the members of the orchestra, they know the symphony so well that they might have played it from beginning to end without book. The pianoforte concerto of Schumann, confided to Miss Josephine Lawrence, who gave the *finale* especially with vigour and correctness, earned a "recall" for the young and promising performer; whilst the quaint and characteristic "Fandango" of Molique was played to absolute perfection by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, Molique's favourite scholar, and the violinist most in favour, as his merits warrant, with the English musical public. This genuine display of mechanical aptitude, combined with unexceptionally good taste, roused his hearers to enthusiasm, and no wonder. The singers were Mdle. Warnots, already in the good graces of the audience, who earned further distinction by her facile delivery of one of the difficult airs allotted to the "Queen of Night" in Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, an opera, "symbolical" notwithstanding, as affluent of tune (really "infinite") as a summer wood over-peopled with song-birds; Madame Enriquez, always welcome, with her mellow contralto voice, discreet phrasing, and clear enunciation, who could not have done better than choose one of the songs of Handel; and the young tenor, Mr. Frank Boyle, who gave an air from the same composer's *Semele*. The second part began with a "grand selection" (*pot pourri*) from Verdi's *Aida*, in which solos for flute, piccolo, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and cornet were awarded to those practised executants, Messrs. Radcliff, Barrett, Dubrucq, J. Egerton, Hutchins, and H. Reynolds. Besides more vocal music, contributed by the artists already named, a marked feature was the fluent and admirable execution of the 12th Fantasia of Nicholson, by Mr. Radcliff, who as a flautist is one of Nicholson's worthiest successors. The brilliant march from Verdi's *Don Carlos* was the last number of an excellent programme.

WILHELMJ, WAGNER, & C.—Herr Wilhelmj, the famous violinist, having, after four years' absence in America and Australia, returned to Europe, his first visit was to Bayreuth, where Wagner received him with the utmost cordiality. It could hardly have been otherwise, considering the invaluable aid contributed by Wilhelmj, in association with Hans Richter, towards the successful result of the performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen* in 1876. According to the *Berliner Fremdenblatt*, "tears flowed from the eyes of both." "At the performances of the *Bühnenweihfestspiel*," adds the *Fremdenblatt*, "Wilhelmj sits between Wagner and his wife," to whom, as to his own immediate friends and acquaintances outside, he has expressed an opinion that *Parsifal* is "the most perfect wonder of our time." Unhappily, a large majority of the artistic

world is by no means of the same opinion as the justly-renowned *virtuoso*; but, should the judgment of Herr Wilhelm be the right one, more's the pity that the character and treatment of the subject should make the production of *Parsifal* in this country something not for a moment to be contemplated. At the fifth and sixth representation there was a new Kundry (Madame Malten), a new Klingsor (Herr Fuchs), and a new Parsifal (Herr Jäger). It is as though Wagner were pitting these artists the one against the other to help him in determining which of them it would serve his purpose to retain *in perpetuum*. No wonder that the Vogls, man and wife, two of the most widely-recognised Wagnerian singers, should, at the eleventh hour, have withdrawn their co-operation. At the seventh and eighth performances there was to be still a fourth distribution of the three leading characters. Herr Fischer, of Munich, has now taken the *bâtôn* out of the hands of Herr Levy, his coadjutor from the same town. Is Wagner balancing conductors as well as singers? He may balance for an indefinite period without finding another Richter. Where, moreover, was Herr Seidl—announced during the "cyclical" representations of the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre, as "(in Wagner's own declared opinion), the fittest interpreter of Wagner's intentions?" With regard to the hero, a general regret seems to have been expressed that Herr Albert Niemann, the Siegmund of 1876, was not invited to undertake the part.

WAIFS.—We are reminded by *Le Ménestrel* that since the production of Gounod's *Faust* at the Théâtre-Lyrique, in 1859, when Madame Miolan Carvalho "created" the part, no fewer than twenty representatives of Marguerite have appeared in Paris. How many more might be cited from London, New York, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, and other cities, need hardly be said—another twenty-one, at the least.—Mlle. Marie Vanzandt—"Mignon-Vanzandt," as she is styled by many of her admirers—is engaged for the forthcoming operatic season at Monte Carlo.—The Imperial Opera of Vienna has commenced the season with the *Faust* of Gounod, Mlle. Braga sustaining the part of the heroine, and M. Labatt (who did not make much impression at our Royal Italian Opera some few years since) that of Mephistopheles.—Has M. Massenet's expected new opera, *Manon*, anything to do with *Manon Lescaut*? If so, he will have to contend with Auber, in which case it is much to be feared that the elder composer will get the best of it.—The Dresden Theatre Royal opened on the 30th ult. with Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, which, though a less important work, seems to have almost eclipsed the *Acide de Saba* of M. Gounod.—The Emperor of Austria has conferred on Madame Pauline Lucca the Gold Cross and Crown for Merit, the insignia of which were presented to the popular singer by Intendant-General Baron von Hofmann.—The still applauded tenor, Theodor Wachtel, the Lonjumeau postilion *par excellence*, is engaged at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, for the season.—The idea of giving German opera at Warsaw is abandoned, for reasons not stated.—The new theatre just erected at Parma is to be called the Arena Garibaldi.—The Teatro Santa Radegonda, in Milan, has been purchased by the Electric Light Company, who intend turning it into workshops for the generation and distribution of electricity.—The Musical Congress at Bologna is postponed till 1884, when the centenary of the death of Padre Giovanni Battista Martini, one of the most illustrious of Italian musicians, is to be commemorated.—Anton Rubinstein will conduct the performances of the Russian Society of Music this season at St. Petersburg. His recent article in Lewinsky's *Vor den Confessen*, maintaining that sacred subjects, wedded to music, are fit for representation on the stage, has met with few adherents. Although Herr Rubinstein is an avowed antagonist to Wagnerism and all its ways, a first glance at the article might lead one to think it intended as a defence of *Parsifal*; but a more careful perusal soon shows that it is neither more nor less than a plea for his own *Macabees*, *Tower of Babel*, and *Paradise Lost*, which are as extravagant as anything that ever came from Wagner's pen, without revealing a spark of Wagner's occasionally indisputable power.—Madame Marcella Sembrich is taking her holiday near the Lake of Lucerne, busily engaged, nevertheless, in studying Mignon, Ophelia, and Francesca di Rimini in the last three operas of Ambroise Thomas.—The Teatro Nicolini, Florence, will open, for operatic performances, next October.—Twenty musical bands took part in the civic procession at Buenos Ayres in honour of the late Garibaldi.—The marriage of Dr. Hans von Bülow with Mlle. Schawzer, an actress in the Ducal Theatre, was celebrated recently at Meiningen. Madame von Bülow will not abandon professional life.—M. Mierzwinski, Mr. Gye's "tenore robusto," is engaged for America.—A bust of M. Lassalle, the barytone, in the character of Guillaume Tell, is to be placed in the Museum of the Grand Opera.—Thérèse Theo embarked for New York last Saturday.—Joseph Joachim is appointed Capellmeister to the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts.—Madame Galli-Marie, the original Carmen at the Opéra Comique in Paris, is passing her leisure time at Bourbonne-les-Bains.—The Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie will reopen with *Robert le Diable*.—The report about the death of Madame Clara Schumann is happily without foundation.



NEW BISHOPS.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Durham, Winchester, Bedford, and Truro—to whom the choice of a successor to Bishop Short had been entrusted by the Synod of the Diocese of Adelaide—have unanimously nominated the Rev. George Wyndham Kennion, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, Vicar of All Saints', Bradford, to the See of Adelaide. Mr. Kennion was at one time the Diocesan Inspector of Schools to the Diocese of York.—The Bishopric of Sierra Leone has been accepted by the Rev. J. B. Whiting, Perpetual Curate of St. Luke's, Ramsgate. Mr. Whiting was Scholar of Caius, and Fifth Senior Optime in 1850.—On Sunday last, at St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, Dr. Luck was consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, by Cardinal Manning, assisted by the Bishops of Southwark and Amycla. The Northern Island of New Zealand is to be placed, says the *Echo*, under the spiritual charge of the Benedictines.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK has accepted, at the request of the governors, the presidency of the Salt Schools, Shipley, for the coming year. As at present arranged, the Presidential Address will be delivered on the 2nd of November.

A FREE DAY AT ST. PAUL'S.—Vested interests and "dark, narrow staircases" are the two causes which prevent Dean Church from at present acceding to the request of a deputation of working men (backed by the Lord Mayor) that St. Paul's should be viewed free of charge one day in every week. It would be difficult, and even dangerous, for crowds to circulate to and fro from galleries to crypt as they do at Westminster, where "all the sights are on the ground floor," and the vested interests could not be bought up for a less sum than 3,000*l.* The promoters of the movement are not quite satisfied with this answer, and desire now to know how much it would cost to "commute vested interests" for one day in the week.

THE SUNDAY SERVICES AT ST. JUDE'S, LIVERPOOL, were again marked this week with some unseemly disorders. A dispute, which was originally of a trivial character as to the mode in which the

offertory should be collected, has gradually swollen, it would appear, into quite an old-fashioned "No Popery" contest.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—The march of the Salvation Army on Saturday morning last "from Finsbury Square to Shepherdess Walk to take formal possession of the Eagle Tavern and the Grecian Theatre," took place amidst a vast crowd, despite the earliness of the hour, of sympathisers and scoffers. The premises have been taken on a seventeen years' lease, and about one half of the sum required has been borrowed. To their great annoyance, the Salvationists have had to take the tavern licence too, but it is scarcely necessary to add that no intoxicating liquors will be sold there. Meanwhile at Hanley there has been a mutiny in the Army in consequence of the refusal of "General" Booth to allow "Captain" Smith and "Lieutenant" Binnersley to retain the gold watches and chains which had been presented to them by their converts as a testimonial. Instead of submitting to Mr. Booth's decision, by which these presents were to be made over to the general fund, and the erring recipients reduced to the ranks, the discharged officers have raised the banner of secession, and been followed in their revolt by the greater portion of the local Salvationists.

LICHFIELD THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE has just been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. Since first it was opened a quarter of a century ago, 420 students have gone forth from it into the world. It is now self-supporting, and has even funds in hand for several exhibitions.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION

DUBLIN was awake betimes. Trains coming in in quick succession from all the country round. At Bray, I was told, they had Mass at 5 A.M., and the chapel was crowded with those who meant to be off by the first train. For the 15th is the Irish Ladyday, suggestive not of bills, like its English namesake, but of worship.

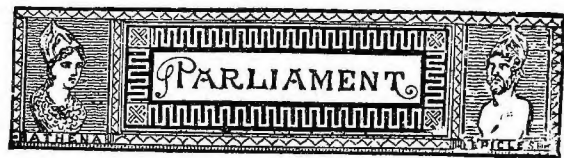
We, who come from further off than Bray, had to be at our station by 6.30, and found the train that picked us up already fairly full. But there was no crushing, no discourtesy; the rough was conspicuous by his absence. The third class folks—farmers, labourers, little shopkeepers—were wonderfully well got up, the young folks with a bit of green—oftenest a fern leaf—in their caps. The notablest thing was the quiet; a little manoeuvring at the stoppages, the words being "full up" (*i.e.*, the windows); and the messages to outsiders, "The empty carriages are down below." One song, "The Shamrock," rather crooned than sung; a flageolet playing "Eileen Aroon"—that was all that marked the journey from Mullingar.

In the city it was the same—quiet throughout. Never, perhaps, before did such a multitude make so little noise, and behave with such perfect good humour. Sackville Street, of course, was crowded from end to end, and besides the dense mass in the street every window was filled with eager faces. The greatest block was by the Mansion House, where were gathered a great many horsemen, with green sashes, belonging to trades such as coal-whippers, blacksmiths, &c., which may by courtesy be termed horsey. Not a policeman to be seen. No doubt there were plenty somewhere; but the order of the day was "We will be our own police;" and, with the help of the City Marshal, who rode about as indefatigably as if he had been general and aide-de-camp in one, the order was most efficiently preserved. Watching the processions was not very different from "assisting" at any other great sight, the difference being that this never came to an end. Banner followed banner, each more patriotic than the last, and all the patriotic ones greeted with an enthusiasm which did away with any feeling of weariness. Some of the banners were beautiful; some—those of the boys' bands—touchingly simple. Every trade was represented, the oldest being the Guild of St. Luke (house painters), founded more than 200 years ago. Of course there were Foresters—some of our fellow-creatures seem irresistibly impelled to put on what they deem was Robin Hood's costume whenever they have the chance. But they are not A.O.F. I.N.F. (Irish National Foresters), is on their banners. I hope the different lettering does not cut them off from their brethren in England. I believe I was the only Protestant clergyman on the platform. It seems so sad that though Dublin has a Bishop and two Cathedrals, the Irish Protestant Church was conspicuous by its absence. If the people did not think well to ask the Queen to what is emphatically their Exhibition, that scarcely seems a reason why one great party, which is an integral part of Ireland, should have stayed away. But all that is not my concern; there were Catholic priests in plenty, and then some of us complain of their influence; they certainly do not lessen it by joining heartily in every movement. Just before the Lord Mayor came on the platform there was a heavy shower, and another, heavier, during his speech. But nobody seemed to mind. At one time Sackville Street was a sea of umbrellas; at another, of eager, upturned faces, many of them lighted up with enthusiasm which must have been real. The Lord Mayor spoke well, but his best sentences were drowned in the cheers that greeted Michael Davitt as he drove by; and in the lesser plaudits which burst out as the Mayors and Corporations of the various towns passed the statue. The Irish dearly love pomp and show; and these gentlemen in their robes, and with their quaint silver maces, overcame their desire to hear Mr. Dawson.

He was cheered to the echo, however, every now and then; especially when he spoke of what he deemed the grandest moment in O'Connell's career—"when he was condemned, left alone, and deserted by many who had sworn him undying fealty." But his *finale* was, of course, most rapturously applauded. "This statue," he said, "must remind us that Ireland, once a province, is a nation once again." Mr. Parnell, who, with Mr. Dillon, Mr. Biggar, and others of his following, was on the platform, only said a few words: "The most enduring monument we can raise to O'Connell is to strive to win the ends to which he devoted his great life." Indeed, if Home Rule, in some shape or other, does not come soon, the mass of people will be bitterly disappointed. They seem to have made up their minds that it must be. The statue, by the way, is a noble one, dwarfing all the other statues, of which already Dublin has more than her fair share. More showers, and a little watching of the crowd, and the temperance bands and the big car with its greys, and then off to the Exhibition, where people are already lurching. It is really marvellous how a work, only begun on 11th May (the lease was signed on the 10th), has been brought forward. Of course it is not finished; but it is well on the road to completion. Of the exhibits I shall tell you when I have seen something more of them. I don't know how many singers there were in the orchestra; but the passages in the "Hymn of Praise" were excellently given; and, in the second part of the concert, "O, for the swords of other times" was sung with rare taste and feeling. Mr. Barton McGuckin's "Minstrel Boy" was loudly encored; but the audience was determined to be pleased with everything, even with Mr. Ludwig's bass, though his name seems to stamp him as a "mere Teuton." Every one knows what an opening ceremony is. This differed only from most in that there was a spice more enthusiasm and a deal more courtesy and geniality than is usually found in such gatherings.

May this beginning be a happy omen. The "sunburst" came as soon as the audience got under its glass shelter. May it herald in a brighter day for Irish manufactures, and to this end may all Irish people help—determining not to cry "Ireland for the Irish" only; but so to work as to give effect to the cry. "Ireland, sober, happy, and prosperous," was one of the mottoes. Oh, that her children would all pull together heartily to that end!

H. S. F.



It might reasonably have been thought that after a prolonged and busy Session, and with an Autumn Session in the near distance, the last week of Parliament would have proved uneventful. This has certainly not been the case. With due allowance for its situation in the calendar, the last week need not shun comparison with any that have gone before. Monday, it is true, was a little dull, owing chiefly to the fact that on this day the Indian Budget was brought in. But in the heyday of the Session, with the spirits of the House most buoyant, the Indian Budget is sufficient to reduce them to the lowest pitch. Lord Hartington is not a lively speaker at any time. He is at his best when, feeling upon him the weight of responsibility as *ad interim* Leader of the House, he repels some attack from the forces opposite, regular or irregular. When, after due preparation, he appears at the table to make a statement, he is lugubriously dull. That that is a fault of manner rather than of matter is proved by the fact that the speech, skillfully reported, reads admirably. Listened to, it is lamentable in the extreme. Even in answering questions Lord Hartington displays great want of power of condensation. When it comes to a great speech, like that of Indian Finance, he stumbles along through a space that seems interminable. One day last week he announced that, with the object of making his speech shorter, he had had printed certain figures, which would be distributed amongst members. This was done, and the pruning of the speech may be supposed to have been accomplished. But as it was two hours and a half long it is appalling to think what length it might have reached but for these figures.

On Monday Mr. Gladstone took an opportunity of alluding to the arrangements of business for the Autumn Session. He announced definitively that the Autumn Session will commence on the 24th October. With respect to the First Resolution, dealing with the *Clôture*, he made an announcement that could not have surprised anybody who heard some significant remarks to the same effect made by the Premier some weeks ago. In amplification of the statement then made, he showed how, on the 6th of May, he had written to Sir Stafford Northcote to say that, whilst maintaining their own opinion, the Government were willing to substitute a two-thirds majority for a bare majority, if the Opposition, on their part, would facilitate the passing of the Rules, so that some business might be accomplished. Immediately after this despatch came the news of the murders in Phoenix Park, which altered everything, and nothing more was heard of the matter till Mr. Gladstone was questioned, and he now repeated what he had then said—that the whole of the circumstances were changed, and the Government felt themselves free from the engagement they were then willing to enter upon. Sir Stafford Northcote frankly acknowledged that circumstances were changed, and intimated, on the part of the Opposition, that they also felt free to take what course might seem to them best. After which polite declaration of renewed warfare the subject dropped, to be reopened in October.

On Tuesday the most striking incident was the declaration made in both Houses that under certain conditions Cetewayo is to be restored to his kingdom in Zululand. In the Commons this news was received with a cheer from the Liberal Benches. In the Lords the Marquis of Salisbury, reappearing in his capacity of Leader, as if nothing particular had happened since he last addressed the House, bitterly commented upon this reversal of policy. Lord Kimberley admitted that it was a reversal of policy, a thing to be regretted. But the policy, he held, was a bad one, and had moreover signally failed. Their Lordships gave a lift to a good many Bills, then "adjourned during pleasure," a phrase of official parlance which means that at midnight Lord Monson, Lord Thurlow, and another peer met in the dimly-lighted chamber. The other peer moved that Lord Monson take the woollack, which he did. It then appearing that no Bills had come down from the Commons, Lord Thurlow moved that the House adjourn, which was done forthwith, and the three peers went off to bed.

In the Commons matters were alternately riotous and dull. Nearly all the Irish members had gone to Dublin to attend the ceremonial of the unveiling of the O'Connell statue. Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Callan, being left behind, felt the necessity to maintain the traditions of the Land League, and entered upon a rivalry which presently resulted in the expulsion of Mr. Callan, who works with a coarser hand than that with which long practice has endowed Mr. O'Donnell. He began forthwith by moving the adjournment of the House at Question time, whilst he brought against some of his countrymen in Ireland a charge of jury packing. The Attorney-General of Ireland was able to show that there was not the slightest foundation for this charge, which is sedulously circulated through Ireland with the object, as Sir William Harcourt subsequently pointed out, of renewing the system of terrorism and defeating the administration of justice. Mr. Callan subsided upon a significant remark of the Speaker to the effect that he was trifling with the time of the House, and for some hours disappeared, leaving Mr. O'Donnell to make the running, which he did by a personal attack upon Mr. Goschen, and the setting forth of accusations amounting to little less than fraud against the representatives of this country in Turkey and Egypt.

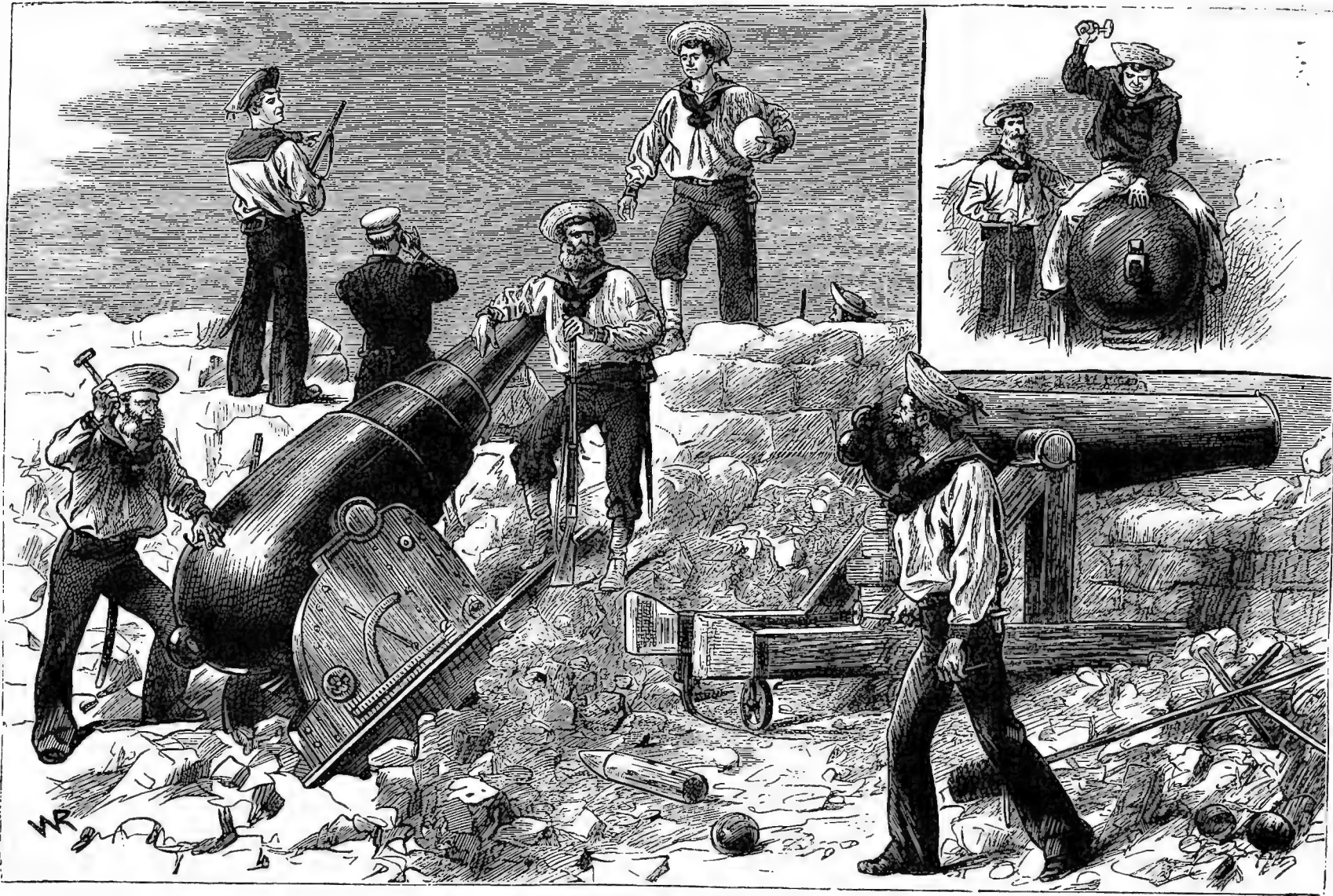
Mr. Callan returned to the House towards eleven o'clock, evidently in a frame of mind which promised a final victory over the laurels Mr. O'Donnell had been gathering. The House having at length got into Committee on the Appropriation Bill Mr. Callan repeated in more violent and less connected language his speech delivered at an earlier part of the evening. Sir William Harcourt, who has an awkward way of putting plain truths, called upon the House to witness this gross abuse of its forms. Mr. Callan had made a speech on an opportunity irregularly obtained at Question time. He repeated it now close upon midnight, and he sat down with an intimation that he would make it again on the next day. The Home Secretary proceeding to deal with the accusation of jury packing in Ireland, Mr. Callan repeatedly interrupted him with cries of "That's false!" The Chairman of Committees then interposed, and with a consideration that seemed to go far beyond the limits of ordinary patience gave Mr. Callan an opportunity to withdraw. This was declined. Mr. Callan was warned, and after two divisions, in which three members voted on his side, he was suspended for the remainder of the sitting. As this terminated an hour later in a count out, Mr. Callan's punishment does not seem adequate, but it has its importance as further reducing his Parliamentary "lives." After a third suspension a member is expelled from the House for the remainder of the Session. Mr. Callan has now been sent forth twice. On a third offence he will disappear for the remainder of the Session. But in ordinary circumstances Mr. Callan is too wary to incur this penalty, and it is a matter of regret, which finds audible expression in the House, that the less complicated form of dealing with an undesirable member in vogue at the Reform Club is not also possible in the House of Commons.

After this discreditable scene the House spent its last days in winding up its work, which was brought to an end on Friday. With the sittings simply standing adjourned, the House was spared the spectacle of the five red-cloaked and cocked-hatted Commissioners on the woollack, and the clerk, in wig and gown, capering about before them.



A PICKET AT THE GABARI BRIDGE, ALEXANDRIA, HELD BY THE ROYAL MARINES

"I'll take me five minutes to 'ammer this yer spike in, but it'll take hold Harabi a month to get 'm hout."



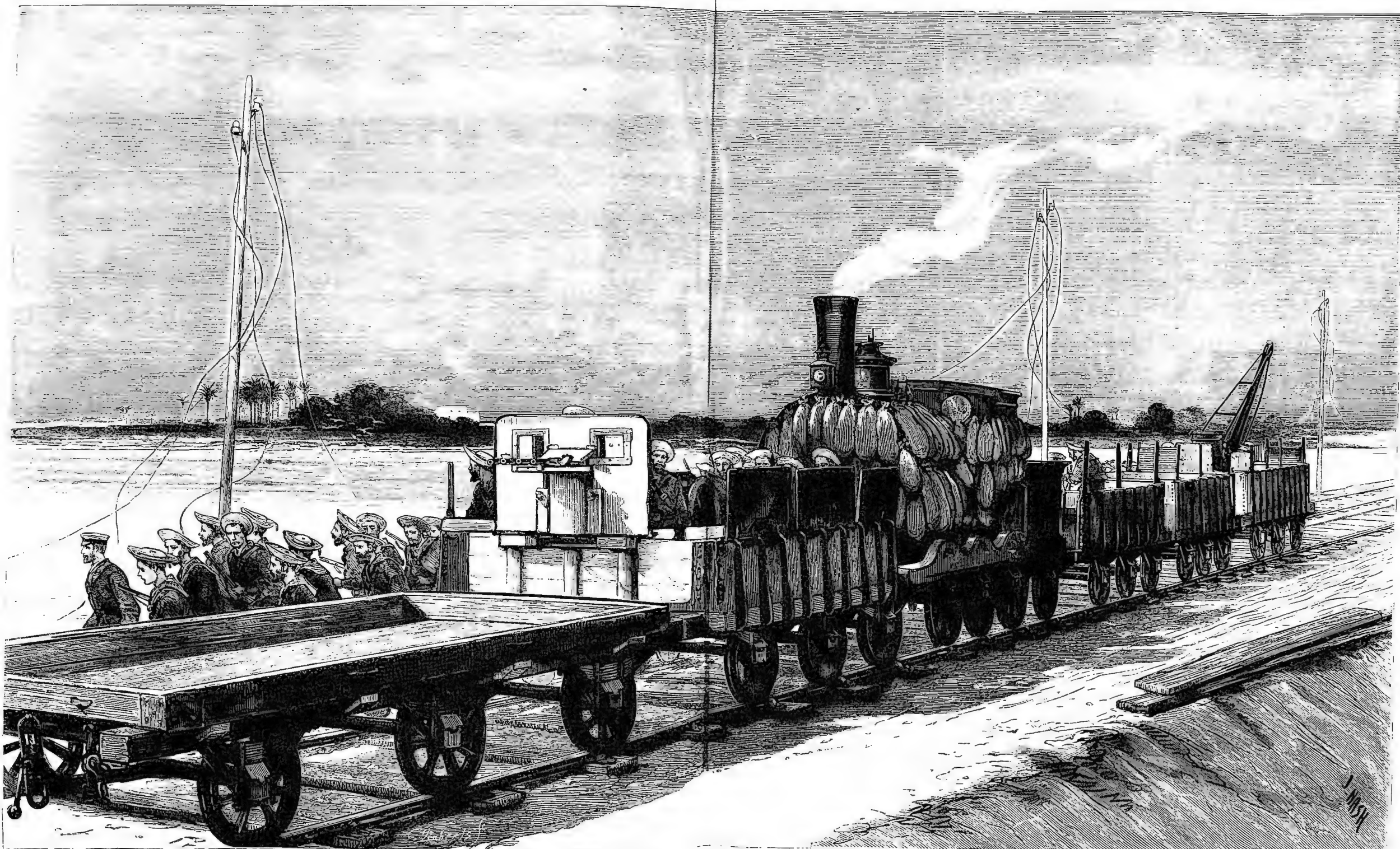
A SPIKING PARTY FROM H.M.S. "MONARCH" DESTROYING GUNS



A WORKING PARTY REPAIRING THE CAIRO RAILWAY DESTROYED BY ARABI

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OFFICERS OF THE NAVY AND ROYAL MARINES



LAKE MAREOTIS
EMPTY TRUCKS TO EXPLODE MINES

SKIRMISHERS BY THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN
SCREENING GUN AND SHIELD ON IRON-PLATED TRUCK

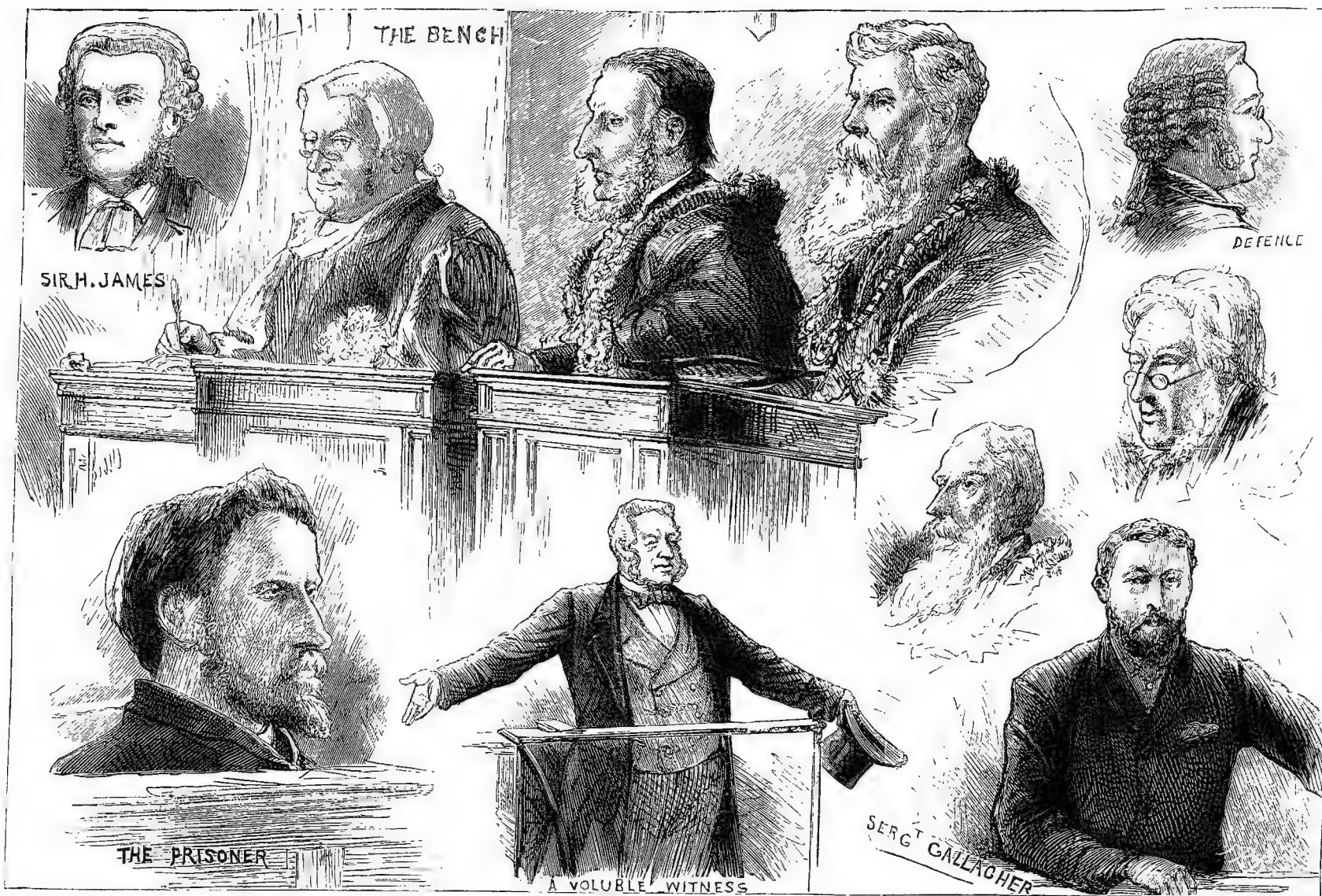
LOCOMOTIVE PROTECTED BY SAND-BAGS

TRUCKS TO CARRY TROOPS

GATLING GUN ON LAST CARRIAGE TO COVER THE REAR
CRANE FOR WORKING 9-FOUNDER GUN

THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE IRONCLAD TRAIN DURING THE RECONNAISSANCE OF JULY 28

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE SEIZURE OF ARMS AT CLERKENWELL—TRIAL OF THOMAS WALSH AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT

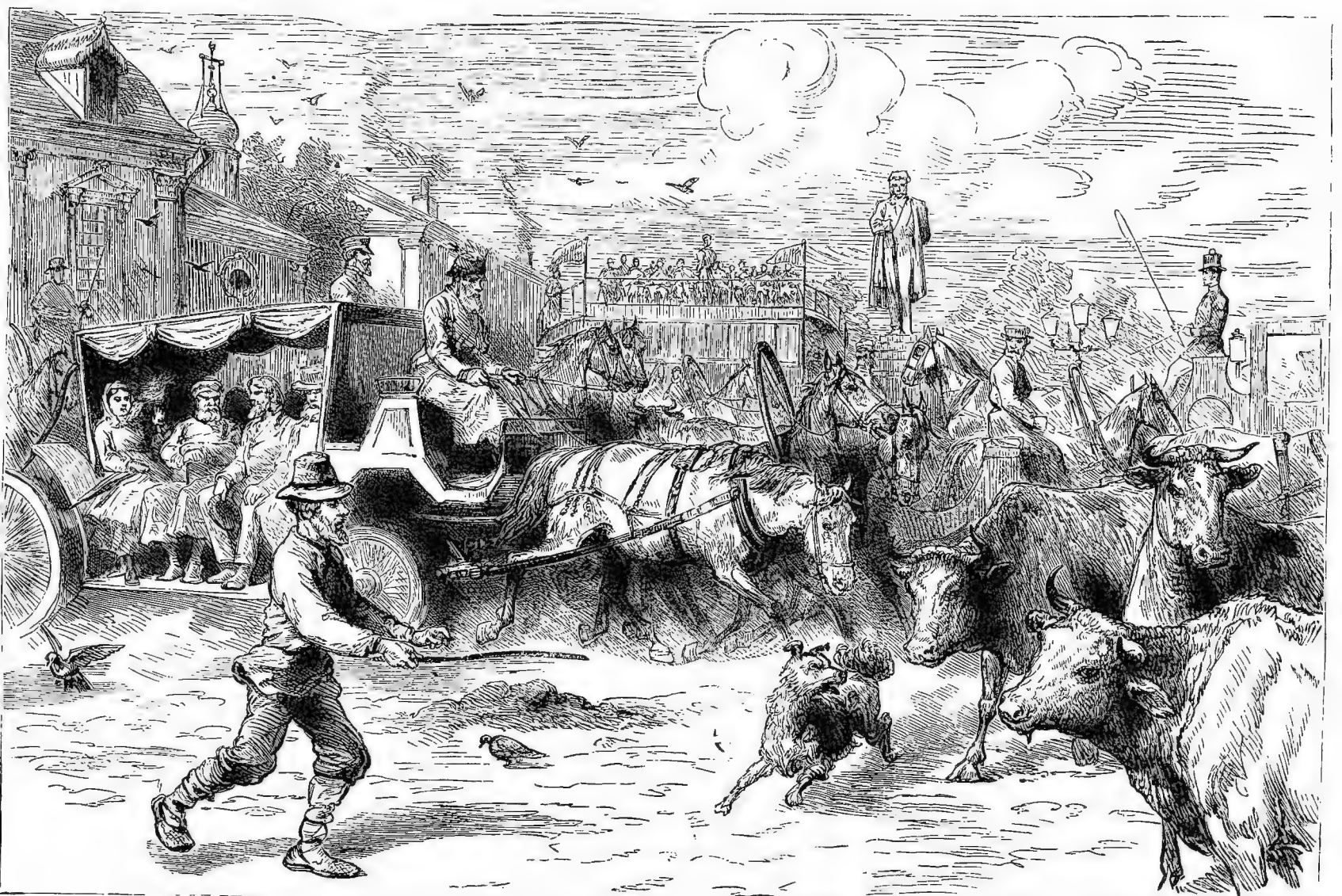


Walter Horsley

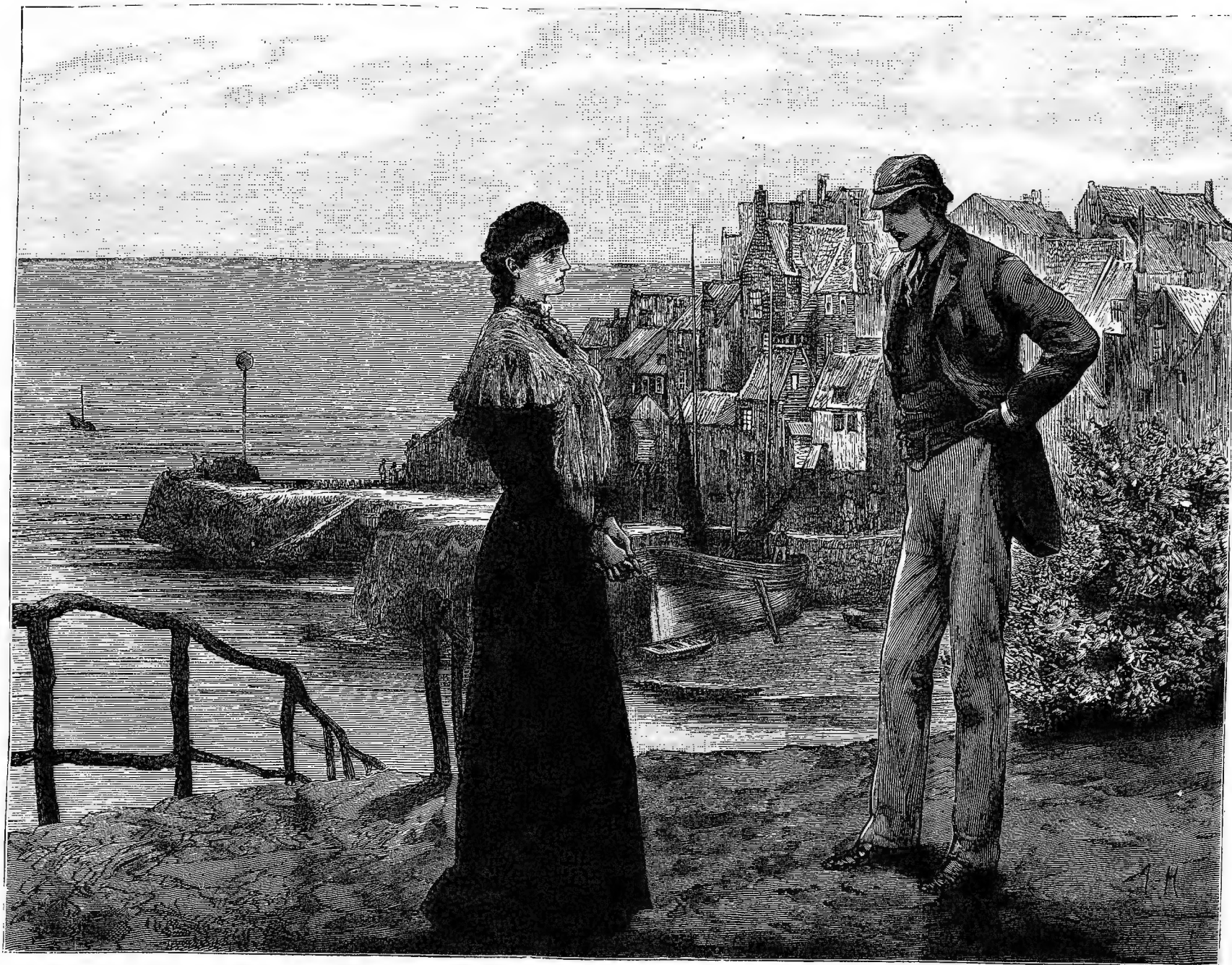
THE WAR IN EGYPT—ONE OF THE MURDERERS OF THE ELEVENTH OF JUNE BEING LED TO EXECUTION
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE SACRED CAMEL LEAVING THE SULTAN'S PALACE AT CONSTANTINOPLE WITH GIFTS FOR THE SHRINE OF THE PROPHET AT MECCA



THE MOSCOW EXHIBITION—ON THE WAY TO THE GROUNDS



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

Kit was walking to and fro awaiting her.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

FOILED

ON ordinary occasions when the Rector paid a visit to the Knoll, the old servant, Michael, received him with respectful inquiries after his honour's health, and immediately ushered him into the presence of his mistress or her daughter, whether they were in the house or garden; when "My dear Mr. Penryn, how glad we are to see you," was his unfailing welcome. But to-day, though Michael paid him all due reverence, his companionship with the attorney seemed to stiffen the old man into stone. "He would see," he said, in answer to the usual inquiries, but he did not know whether his mistress was at home; and when this assurance had been given, he ushered the party into the empty drawing-room with the sort of ceremony used by Mr. Crossbones the undertaker in Mogadion when, at some great county obsequies, he would murmur, "Your hat, if you please, Mr. Penryn," previously to encircling it with a weeper.

The room was as pretty as ever; the fountain in the conservatory on which it opened "kept the ball alive" as usual on the top of its ever-falling column; the birds in the little aviary had not lost a note, but to two at least of the party the room wore an air quite different from that to which they had been accustomed. And when Mrs. Medway came sailing in with unwonted dignity, and a certain umbrage in her manner, like that of a ruffled swan, matters looked more strangely still.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Penryn," she said, gravely, as she took the Rector's hand, "and am not sorry you brought Mr. Garston with you; as for Kit, he is always welcome here."

It was clear that the speaker thought a rupture with the attorney was inevitable—and even deemed that it had already occurred—and was taking an early opportunity of announcing that the offence of the father was not to be visited upon his children; but her speech, though intended to be so far conciliatory, as it turned out was unfortunate. It gave an opportunity to the attorney to observe afterwards that "the woman" showed from the first that she had no expectation of his speaking to her again.

"I conclude," continued Mrs. Medway, addressing the Rector, "that Mr. Garston has acquainted you with the unhappy circumstances which caused him to pay us a visit this morning. He came here for the note which he alleges to have been stolen from him by our Lucy's brother—a man you have known, Mr. Penryn, from a child, and whose family you know to be as honest as any in Mogadion. I declined, for Abel's sake, I own, to show him that note, except under advice from those in whom I had confidence. I

am sorry that my refusal should have offended him, but beyond that, in the way of apology, I cannot go."

"You have forgotten to mention that you put my daughter—my own daughter—out of the way, Madam," observed Mr. Garston, in a voice trembling with passion, "so that I was unable to obtain information from any source."

"Put her out of the way?" repeated the Rector, smiling. "Come, come, Mr. Garston, Mrs. Medway did not surely take such strong measures as all that. The young lady is alive and well even if in captivity—I have no doubt. She merely happened to go out for a walk just as your horse's hoofs announced your coming."

Mrs. Medway nodded corroboratively, but with all the gravity of a Mandarin.

"Well, well, that is not worse," pursued the Rector, "than things I have known to take place when I have been on the Bench. A witness acting on the suggestion even of his legal adviser does sometimes take a walk at a time which is inconvenient for the prosecution. Nevertheless, I candidly confess that Mrs. Medway should have shown you the note. However, we can see it now, it's just where it was, I suppose."

"But the thief himself may not be where he was," observed the attorney acidly.

"Abel Deeds was at the Dovecote less than an hour ago," remarked Christopher, quietly.

"At the Dovecote? Why I understood you to say, Mr. Garston, that he had run away," exclaimed the Rector, indignantly.

"I said he had run away from my service," answered the attorney, sullenly. "It is not my business to ask where he is gone at present. I am not one to bark till I can bite."

If Mr. Garston had really been, as his favourite metaphor suggested, of the canine race, and an inferior specimen of it, Mrs. Medway could scarcely have regarded him with more disdain.

"I suppose, Mr. Penryn, you wish to see this note?" she said, ignoring the attorney altogether.

"Well, yes, if you will be so good," returned the Rector, with an air, it must be confessed, not very suitable to a judicial investigation. One would have thought that he had been asked to look at some specimen of Druidical remains, the genuineness of which he doubted, but in which, out of regard for their possessor, he was compelled to feign an interest.

His hostess led the way to the boudoir, and pointed to the drawer which was the repository of Lucy's little treasure. "Here is the key," she said, producing it, "and that is all, thank Heaven," she added, with significance, "that I have to do with the matter."

"I hope nobody else has had to do with it; I mean has had the opportunity of meddling with the note," observed the attorney.

"The key has not left my possession, sir," answered Mrs. Medway, haughtily, "since the drawer was opened in your daughter's presence."

Mr. Penryn took the key and took out the purse. "There is the note. Mr. Garston, it is for you to identify it."

The attorney took a seat, spread out the note deliberately before him on the table, and said "Ah, that will do."

The tone in which he spoke was triumphant; and a licking of the lips which accompanied the words, reminded his hearers of certain tenants of the Zoological Gardens.

"You have a memorandum of the number of the missing note, I conclude," observed the Rector.

"I have," said the attorney, and he produced a slip the duplicate of which Trenna had brought with her. "Here we have it, 28828.—Eh! What! Why there's something wrong here. This note is 28882."

"That is clear enough," said the Rector.

"There is something else clear enough," answered the attorney, speaking through his teeth, and turning to that very unpleasant colour, which the shopman who has no white gloves assures you looks the same as white. "I warn you, Mrs. Medway, I am not a man to be trifled with."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the Rector, indignantly. "If you think because I am a clergyman that you can insult a lady in my presence, you make a great mistake."

"I beg you will let Mr. Garston have his say," said Mrs. Medway, with calm contempt.

"You will find it is not only 'say,' but 'do,' ma'am," continued the attorney, with vehemence; "there is a conspiracy here; this is not the note my daughter saw."

"It is the note, sir," insisted Mrs. Medway, "the very same. I locked the drawer with my own hands. I have not the memorandum here; but my daughter, Maud, has got it.—Maud, Maud!" she cried, opening the door, "come here, and bring Trenna with you."

As they were in the next room awaiting events, there was no delay in the production of the two young ladies.

Maud, indeed, had proposed to bear her mother company in this second reception of her unwelcome guest, which, it was evident, would be an unpleasant ordeal, but Mrs. Medway had declined her offer. "It is much better," she said, "that you should not be mixed up in the matter if it can be avoided, my dear." It now appeared, however, that Maud was to be mixed up in it. The sudden summons

had made her heart "go," but had not deprived her of her courage, and of at least the external appearance of calmness. Trenna, on the other hand, was very pale and tremulous. She fixed her eyes upon her father from the first, and never withdrew them, save when directed to do so, throughout the painful interview that followed. Not a single salutation was exchanged on either side. The expression on Mr. Garston's face too clearly expressed "business" to admit of that. "Maud, my dear," said Mrs. Medway, gently, "where is the memorandum you took of Lucy's note?"

With steady hand Maud produced her card-case. "Here it is, mamma. I wrote it, as you know, in Trenna's presence on the back of this card."

"One moment," interrupted the attorney, "do you remember the number?"

"I think so; but I decline to state it from recollection. It had, however, three eights and two twos in it, because mamma called our attention to that fact."

"She did, did she?" said the attorney, with a sneer. "That was a very convenient coincidence. What do you say, Trenna?"

"The number was 28882, papa."

"There!" said Mrs. Medway, triumphantly.

"Oh! yes; I see it is written on the card plainly enough," continued the attorney. "She has, no doubt, had every opportunity while under this roof of refreshing her memory."

"Indeed, papa, I have never looked at the card since," returned Trenna, simply. "It made me miserable enough to think of it."

"Then you are quite sure that the number on the note corresponded with that upon the slip?"

"Oh! yes. I am afraid, at least, that there can be no mistake upon that point. Here is the slip with the number of lost notes, and here is the number with the cross which I put against it, 28882."

"But the number of Lucy's note is 28882," said Mrs. Medway. "It is very curious!"

"V—ery," interposed the attorney, sardonically. "One would almost think there was magic in it."

"I didn't look at the slip myself," said Mrs. Medway, taking no notice of this sarcasm, and addressing herself to the Rector, "both Maud and Trenna being so positive about the number being there, and of course it was no pleasure for me to see it; but if a mistake has been made I am sure it will be a cause of thankfulness to all of us."

"People sometimes make mistakes for which they have cause to be anything but thankful," observed the attorney, menacingly. "There are mistakes, and there are misdemeanours."

"No doubt," put in the Rector, quietly. "There are also misprisions of felony, and homicide by misadventure, and all sorts of misuses, with which the matter in hand has nothing to do. It is clear to me now that the error has arisen through the coincidence in the numbers, which in both cases were composed of the same figures, though in different order."

"That was it, no doubt," said Mrs. Medway. "I remember calling the girls' attention to there being three eights and two twos in it."

"Just so," said Mr. Penryn, with the smiling complacency of one who has solved a double acrostic, and is awaiting the congratulations of his fellow competitors, "the young ladies were flurried and frightened, and naturally took one number for the other. I am sure, when he comes to reflect upon the matter, that Mr. Garston himself will be as convinced of the fact as I am, and I hope I may add, as well pleased."

To this sanguine speech the attorney only vouchsafed a contemptuous puff by way of reply. "Come here, Trenna," he said, "and look me in the face while you answer me" (a quite unnecessary injunction, by the bye, for, as we have said, the young lady had hitherto looked nowhere else); "you are not such a fool, I know, as to have mistaken one number for another; a figure in your eyes has as much significance as a letter. Now, tell me that that note you see lying there—No. 28882—the same that you saw taken out of Lucy Deeds' purse yonder?"

"I have not the least doubt in the world that it was, father," returned the girl, with a white face, but in unflinching tones.

"You dare to tell me that, do you? Then you now assert that the number on the note did not correspond with the number on the slip, though this very morning you asserted to the contrary."

"I thought it did, father; I suppose, as Mr. Penryn says," here her voice trembled for the first time, "that I was deceived by the coincidence of the figures."

"You lie," answered the attorney, sternly.

"Come, come, Mr. Garston," put in the Rector, "that is not a word to be used before ladies."

"It is the truth," said the attorney, with quiet significance, "look at her."

Pale as ashes, and trembling with suppressed emotion, Trenna gazed upon her father like a bird fascinated by a serpent.

"And now," said he, "I should like a word or two with Miss Maud."

"Then you won't have it," said the Rector, sharply. "Between yourself and your daughter I had no right to interfere; but to Miss Medway, here, you shall not put an insulting question, or rather a question which, when she has replied to it, however truthfully, may suggest an insult."

"So you deny me the right of examination do you, Mr. Penryn? You think it decent, magistrate though you are, to take sides in this matter? Well, well, I will find means to make the young lady speak. There is justice to be got in other places if not in Mogadion; and with that Mr. Garston put his hat on—as if to show that he was not in a Court of Justice just at present—and marched out of the room."

"He'll have to walk, that's a comfort," murmured the Rector, complacently; "if he takes my chaise I'll prosecute him for felony."

"How shocking it all is!" exclaimed Mrs. Medway, throwing up her hands. "I am so sorry for you, dear Trenna, and for you, Kit."

"Oh, never mind," said Kit, cheerfully; "the governor's a little put out at having taken a shot at the wrong man, but he'll come round, won't he, Trenna?"

But Trenna had covered her face with her hands, and answered nothing.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNSELFISH ALLY

Whatever was to be urged against Mr. Garston of Mogadion, it must be said of him that he was as good as his word—whenever he threatened anybody. In most cases his shrewd eye to the main chance kept his temper under control, but there were occasions when the Spanish blood in his veins got the mastery of him, and impelled him to do things that were not remunerative. His prosecution—most people called it his persecution—of Abel Deeds was a case in point. That he had strong suspicions to go upon in the first instance it must be admitted, but they were not proofs, and when he attempted to collect evidence we have seen that it eluded him. In his own mind, it is true, he was well convinced that the Medway family (probably in collusion with his own daughter), were in a conspiracy to shield his offending servant. But that was no excuse—as a lawyer—for his going straight away from The Knoll to Mr. Trelawney, the nearest magistrate, and obtaining from him, on his own sworn information, a warrant against Abel Deeds.

The immediate consequence of this was the appearance at The Dovecote—more phenomenal than that of a blue-bottle fly at Christmas—of a policeman. It was a visit of a very different nature from that of one of the Metropolitan brigade with his starched manner, his "shibboleth" of "wanted," and that incontrovertible logic in his pocket, which closes with a snap; for it was simply Bob Ellis, whom Dr. Meade had brought into the world and vaccinated, a protégé of old Rachael, and a personal friend and former playmate of the accused himself. Nothing could be more apologetic than his manner (for indeed his presence under the Doctor's roof on such an errand seemed to him little less than sacrilege), or accommodating than his behaviour. "Business was business," he said in a tone which quite corroborated the Rector's view of that occupation, "but he know'd his place as well as his duty"—which I am afraid was a euphemism for offering if desirable to keep the strictest watch at the front door, while Abel made his escape through the back garden.

On the other hand Bob's visit, since it was known to all Mogadion, was more detrimental to Abel's character than if he had been wanted by all the Metropolitan Brigade from A to Z.

"All the town will know he has been took up," sobbed the unhappy Rachael. "To think that it should ever be cast up against a son of mine that he was a jailbird!"

"That it never shall be," said the Doctor stoutly, "I'll take Abel over with me to Mr. Trelawney, and be bail for him myself"—which accordingly he did. Whereby Mr. Garston's threat that the offender should pass that night in the Roundhouse—as the Mogadion dungeon was called—failed of its accomplishment.

This, as we have said, was the immediate effect of the attorney's hasty action; but the more remote consequences were much more serious and extensive in their sphere of action. A feud arose between Mr. Garston and certain of his neighbours with whom we are acquainted which was never healed. The cataclysms that rend asunder country friendships are often very small affairs. A game-law decision erring on the score of mercy at the Petty Sessions; a speech at election time; the question of whether a horse has three legs or four argued between buyer and seller; a disinclination for afternoon church: any one of these may have the effect of a social earthquake and convulse a provincial community with anything but mirth.

The flag of discussion may be but of the size of a pocket handkerchief, but, once raised, and the spirit of partisanship evoked, the whole parish becomes a camp, and the very Vestry a battle field.

Mogadion was a peaceful spot, but, as we have said, it had more than one attorney; and even while Dr. Meade was on his way to the magistrate, his son had walked down the street, and stopping at a small door with an immense brass plate—like a cuirass on a Middlesex militiaman—with "MR. TENNANT, SOLICITOR," engraved upon it, had instructed that gentleman to commence an action for slander upon Abel Deeds' behalf, against Mr. Garston.

Under other circumstances, this proceeding would have troubled the rival attorney not a little; for, just as a parson is the most impatient of listeners to a homily from one of his own cloth, so the man of law exceedingly resents writ, summons, or notice, directed against his own learned person; but, for the present, Mr. Garston was too full of the sense of personal wrong to feel anything but wrath at this procedure, which only caused him to consult with greater diligence the enactments against "Conspiracy," with the hope of carrying fire and sword into the household at The Knoll.

His first act was to send for Trenna, who had, of course, no choice but to obey his summons, and a very unpleasant quarter of an hour did that young lady pass under his cross-examination. She stuck, however, to her story, suggesting that the key of the mystery must needs lie in the coincidence of the figures, which, as being the Rector's own explanation of the matter, by no means rendered it more acceptable to her father. He reiterated the obnoxious word he had already applied to her, accused her of being a traitress and a renegade, and finished with the most violent maledictions against her late hostess and her daughter, whom he announced it to be his firm intention to place in the criminal dock.

To the invectives against herself Trenna answered nothing; she sat with pale face and lips compressed, like one in the pillory to whom dead cats and cabbage stalks were no worse things than were to be expected; only at times, when a stone struck her—when he called her "traitress" for example—she shivered a little, and murmured, "Not that, not that," beneath her breath. When he spoke of the Medways, however, she did essay to moderate the rancour of his tongue.

"You are wrong, father, you are wrong," she pleaded; "they are good, kind, honest people."

"Good, kind," he reiterated, scornfully; "yes, of course, it is easy to be good and kind when it costs one nothing; and especially to forgive injuries which are committed against some one else. As for honest, they are not. It is as bad to shield a thief as to be one, and that Mrs. Medway and her daughter, or *you*, have put another note in that purse instead of the stolen one is positively certain. I'll sift the matter, however, if it costs me my fortune, to the very bottom."

"It may cost you more than that," cried Trenna, desperately.

"More than my fortune! What do you mean, girl? To be sure I have no money to throw away, thanks to your spendthrift brother. But—" here he paused, and, attracted by some expression in her face, rose from his chair, with fear as well as fury in his eyes, and seized her wrist, "what is it, Trenna? What do you mean, I say?"

"Nothing but what I said, father," she answered, quickly. "What is fortune compared with a good name? If you push this matter to extremity you will make enemies for us of everybody. And we are not so flush of friends."

"Friends! I want no friends. I want my money, and I want revenge; and I will have them both."

If any one who saw him at that moment, just when he said "revenge," had had a doubt of Mr. Garston's origin, it would have been set at rest. Relentless, swart, resentful, he looked every inch a Spaniard.

"Papa, when are the Assizes?" inquired Trenna, after a long pause.

"The Assizes? Ay, there will be something seen then in the newspapers, such as was never seen before. Among the 'Fashionable Departures' you will read 'From The Knoll, Mogadion, to Dartmoor Prison—'"

"I asked *when* they would be, father," interrupted Trenna.

"What is that to you? Next month."

"And in the meantime are we—that is Kit and I—to be strangers to the Medways?"

"No, why should you? Their quarrel is with me, and not with mine."

This reply surprised the girl more than it pleased her. She knew her father too well to suppose the reason given for the continuance of her intimacy at The Knoll to be the true one, even had he never termed her traitress; he wished, by permitting things to go on as usual, to lull suspicion. If he suffered her to come and go between the two houses as before, the Medways would never dream of his intentions. That her conjecture was correct she felt convinced, when the attorney added in gentler tones, "Nor do I wish to cut off your connection with The Dovecote folks. They harboured Abel Deeds 'tis true, but while they thought him innocent it was at worst but an un-neighbourly act. He is in the Roundhouse now, and no more need be said about it."

"In the Roundhouse!" cried Trenna, clasping her hands in horror.

"Yes; and will only leave it for the gaol, where he will have

better company perhaps than he expected. All these things however are matters for a judge and jury, and in no way concern a young lady like yourself. You need make no change in your habits upon my account; and what I say in that respect—as you may tell him if you please—applies to your brother also."

Here the attorney took down from their shelf a bundle of legal documents, bound together with red tape, and having blown the dust from them proceeded to bury himself in their contents like a parchment worm, an action which Trenna rightly took to be an order of release.

On the gravel sweep outside Kit was walking to and fro awaiting her.

"Well, my poor Trenna," he said embracing her affectionately, "you have borne the burthen and heat of the day, but now I do hope it's over."

"Oh no, Kit, no," she answered sorrowfully, "Papa is resolved not only to get his rights but to punish Mrs. Medway."

"Tut, tut, this world is not the House of Commons that everything can be done by Resolution. In law he has not a leg to stand upon either as regards our friends at The Knoll, or Abel. He will find all that out as soon as his temper cools, and drop the business."

Trenna shook her head. "I never saw him half so bad as this, Kit. And, what is worse than all, he tells me that he has just put poor Abel in prison. When he told me that I thought I should have died of shame."

"What a tender heart you have, dear Trenna, as indeed I have good cause to know," he said caressingly; "as a matter of fact, however, Abel is no more in prison than you are. Dr. Meade has bailed him."

"But he will have to go to prison after all."

"Not he; he will just stay out on bail till the Assizes, and then the governor will withdraw from the prosecution. He will not throw good money after bad, you may depend on't."

"Oh, Kit, do you really think that that will be the end of it all? How thankful we ought to be. Do you mean to say that being convinced of Abel's guilt, but unable to prove it, papa will do nothing farther?"

"Nothing. He has nothing to go upon but the note in Lucy's purse. If he had not been so infernally precipitate the whole thing would now be over."

"And what is it that is not over?"

"Well, Dr. Meade has instructed that fellow Tennant to commence an action for libel on behalf of Abel; the governor has laid himself open to it no doubt; and the question is whether or no, if the thing comes on for trial, the whole affair will have to be gone into. The Doctor is not a man who can be ignored in any way."

"This seems to me worse than all," murmured Trenna despairingly.

"It is deuced bad no doubt, and it must be stopped somehow. I suppose all communications will have to be suspended between our house and The Dovecote; or rather they will have to be carried on under the rose."

"No; papa said he had no objection to you and me taking our own line just as usual."

Kit smiled, sardonically. "He thinks to catch a weasel asleep, does he? Well, so much the better for us."

"Frank will surely stand our friend," said Trenna, earnestly. "He knows our position so well."

"That will make no difference, my dear Trenna, as regards his feud with the governor. The doctor and his son are a sentimental couple in their way, and will move Heaven and earth for Rachael's sake, to whitewash Abel. As for me I am no favourite of Frank's; and any appeal on my part would do as much harm as good; indeed, under the circumstance, Trenna," he added, significantly, "more harm. And yet it is a *sine quâ non* that they should abandon these proceedings."

"But if you can't persuade them, Kit?"

"Then *you* must try. Of course, it will be disagreeable to you; exceedingly disagreeable; worse than anything you have gone through already, perhaps. I don't gloze it over to myself, I do assure you."

"I will do whatever is necessary, Kit," she answered, quietly, "and that lies within my power."

"That is answered like yourself, my brave one," he replied, with his hand upon her shoulder; "as to your power it is resistless in that quarter. The one thing I like in that great solid stolid creature Frank, is the admiration which you have excited in him. You have only to say 'don't,' and—provided you have not forbidden him to bow before your shrine—he will obey you."

"Frank Meade is an honest fellow, Kit, and I don't like to hear you turn him into ridicule," answered Trenna, coldly.

"I was only ridiculing his pretensions, my darling," returned the other gently. "It would be a little too much if that scientific stiff-necked prig should seriously aspire to my Trenna."

"It would be a great deal too much," she answered, bitterly. "Oh, Kit, Kit, with all your cleverness, and with all your loveableness, how I have wished, how I have prayed—"

"That must have been a long time ago," interrupted Kit, laughing, "when you had your eyes bandaged like a child at blind man's buff."

"Perhaps so," she answered, sorrowfully; "but I was happier before you took off the handkerchief; and Frank and Mark are happier men than you."

"Doubtless; that is easily explained; they are richer men and have more comfortable homes. Frank, indeed," he added after a pause, "will have no great fortune, nor will he ever make one. He is eminently a groundling; unfit for a high flight. I should be very, very sorry, to see you throw yourself away upon Frank Meade, Trenna."

"You need not fear, Kit," she answered, with a grave smile. "I am not free to marry. I have some one to look after—and who takes a great deal of looking after—whom I cannot forsake."

"You are a dear unselfish creature," he answered, lovingly. "But that some one will soon be out of leading strings, and in a position to repay you all he owes you. His debt is so enormous that I could hardly paint his prospects more brightly. Yes, Trenna, I shall be a rich man, and soon. I have already rubbed shoulders with men who have made money rapidly, and in all that constitutes capacity of that sort have found myself their superior; I hold the key of one fortune already in my hand; and with that achieved—with that to begin with—like an Archimedes who has found his standpoint, I will roll the world to your feet." He spoke with the force and fervour, if not of an enthusiast, at least of a man who believes in himself.

"But in the mean time, my dear Kit, there are the Assizes."

"That's true," he answered, ruefully; then, tickled by the contrast of this common-place fact with the splendour of his day-dream he burst into a laugh. "To get the governor out of his difficulties must be the first step, and it rests with you, my faithful Trenna, to accomplish it."

"I will do my best," she sighed, "at whatever cost."

Of the latter sentence Christopher Garston took no note, though a fleeting frown betrayed that he had heard it; to the former he answered lightly, with a pat on her burning cheek, "If you do half your best you will succeed, Trenna."

(To be continued)

"ALLIGATOR WRITING PAPER" is now favoured by Transatlantic belles, the colour and watermarks of the paper closely simulating the skin of the alligator.



"THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY" (Blackie and Son) approaches completion more rapidly than we expected. Vol. III. takes us well on in Letter S. At this rate another volume will almost complete the work. The great care bestowed on scientific and technical words makes this dictionary something *sui generis*. It is, as it professes to be, "a complete encyclopedic lexicon—literary, scientific, and technological." *Meticulous*, for which Sir Thomas Browne (and we think he alone) is answerable; and *minution*, the frequent use of *m*, e.g., by the Babylonians as compared with the Assyrians (and Mr. Annandale might have added, by Romans as compared with Greeks), are instances of its thoroughness in one direction. Nor are derivations at all neglected, though this is but a secondary object; a dictionary that tells us all about the very newest metals, and gives the composition of rubens-cake, and discusses the ethnology of the Russniaks does enough to prove abundantly its title to thoroughness.

"Architecture, Classic and Early Christian" (Sampson Low and Co.), is one of the very best of the "Illustrated Art Handbooks." The title hardly prepares us for such a thorough analysis as Messrs. Roger Smith and John Slater have given of Egyptian, Assyrian, Old Persian, and, at the end of the volume, of Mahomedan architecture. The indebtedness of Greece to Egypt and Assyria is shown in the proto-Ionic and proto-Corinthian capitals occurring in the latter country, and the proto-Doric in the former. That we owe the pointed arch to the Crusades, its use in Egypt dating from the ninth if not from the seventh century, our authors assume as beyond controversy. They are suggestive and full of detail on the various post-Roman round-arch styles, beginning with the basilica and ending with the latest German Romanesque. The round arch itself they unhesitatingly refer to the Etruscans. It is a pity that such a scholarly book should have an index so meagre as to be of very little use for purposes of reference.

A soldier's life abroad even in time of peace is generally eventful enough to be full of interest for the civilian; it has the charm of the unknown, and Lieut.-Colonel Balcarres D. W. Ramsay can fall back on an unusually large budget of incidents. He was at the Chard riots. He escorted the Queen and Prince Albert from Hertford to Wimpole in 1843. He was at Lahore when the Koh-i-noor was handed round and nearly lost at dinner. He got back from Homburg just too late to help his company to run Smith O'Brien to earth in the famous cabbage garden. He went through the Indian Mutiny; and was in at the marriage of the Prince of Wales and the flight of Pio Nono. Besides going through a fair share of adventures, the author of "Recollections of Military Service and Society" (Blackwood) always managed to be in the very best of the *beau monde*, and this will ensure him plenty of readers; for, with a very large class the next best thing to living in "society" is being instructed about its ways and doings by one who really has had experience of them.

"Stories and Episodes of Home Mission Work" (Wells Gardner) is, like "Heralds of the Cross," which we lately noticed, an excellent book—far better, we think, for a Bible-class prize than the goody stories of which the most insatiable must by this time be well-nigh weary. It is published by the Additional Curates' Society, and has a preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which his Grace recommends that those who come up to town for the season should acknowledge their responsibilities by providing a "curate to minister among the poor homes which they have contributed to form." To judge from their conduct at auctions it would seem as if a good many curates would much rather be rectors of country parishes than workers among our city masses; but when they do work in big cities they are pretty sure to do good; and there is such a deal of good to be done,—work that surely has a first claim on us, though we have no desire to undervalue missionary effort.

Mr. Joseph Foster is so well known by his "British Peerage" and "Collectanea Genealogica" that praise from us of his "Members of Parliament: Scotland, 2nd Edition," is superfluous. The work is privately printed by Messrs. Hazell and Co., London and Aylesbury, and is, in binding, paper, and typography, a joy to look upon. Mr. Foster regrets that no Scot has been found to do the task which he has set himself, and which (as in his controversy with the Lyon Office anent the Majoribanks family) has involved him in several discussions. Perhaps it was safer that a work which goes back to the (in Scotland) misty if not mythical fourteenth century should be done by English hands. While the English Parliament (to be completed in 5 vols.) is in progress, we ask "What of Ireland?" and are met by Mr. Foster's lament that "the errors which so glaringly disfigure the official return of the Irish members" have compelled him to postpone that section "in the hope that Government may feel bound to issue a somewhat more correct edition." Here is another Irish grievance, which we commend to those whose life's work it is to bait the occupants of the Treasury Benches.

"We had no business to go into Egypt," said Mr. Gladstone; and the author of "The Belgium of the East" (W. H. Allen and Co.) takes these words as his motto, and dedicates his book to the "illustrious and gifted friend of Constitutional liberty," who has shown his regard for the National party by bombarding Alexandria. For there is a National party, consisting, our author says, not only of the Arab and Copuc clerks who were ousted wholesale to make room for Europeans and their Syrian interpreters, but of all the leading men, both in town and country, who are not Turks. These people have been at last goaded past bearing by the exactions of the Khedival family and by the yet more insupportable conduct of the swarm of European bloodsuckers, big and little, who have long made Egypt their prey. No wonder there should be a National party, when foreigners pay neither house nor income tax, when the Control enables them to fleece natives with impunity, when every boasted reform is a gigantic imposture. If Mr. Gladstone had taken pains to verify the statements for which our author, both in this book and in his "Egypt for the Egyptians," gives chapter and verse, we think he would not so hastily have committed us to an enterprise all the benefits (?) of which will be reaped by the bondholders (mainly French). It is our clumsy interference in the interests of a set of men who ought to have been made to accept the risk that always goes along with excessive interest, which changed popular fanaticism from a phantom into a reality. We began by stigmatising as anarchy the just protest of a pitilessly despoiled people; we did our best to create the very anarchy that we deprecated. Even to those who do not agree with its conclusions this book, edited by Blanchard Jerrold, is intensely interesting. It shows us that we have to pay three and a-half millions for crushing out those aspirations which in European countries we have always been anxious to cherish. Our Government was fully warned; for the matter on which this book is based has been before them for months. The fact is we have been cat's paws of the French, whose conduct in Tunis ought to make us ashamed of having anything to do with their machinations in the East. The Egyptians (as Sherif Pasha said to Baron de Malortie) wanted time: "Let us have ten years of peaceful toiling, and Europe will be astonished at our vitality." But the inexorable bondholder would not wait. One very serious matter to which our author calls attention

is the falsifying of telegrams. The Havas agency is accused of publishing untruths, with the consent of the French Government! We wonder if Mr. Jerrold still thinks that the "present change in Egypt is as the change in England from Charles I. to Cromwell."

It is too soon to say "the romance of Spanish travelling is fled," when so short a time has elapsed since Mr. Lester of Lowestoft was taken by brigands. All the consolation that Mr. McClinton, in "Holidays in Spain" (Stanford) gives him is to remark that there are still parts of London where it is better not to venture without a policeman. His own experiences of Spain were most pleasant, save that some *gamins* mobbed him at Burgos; and his book is far above the level of the ordinary volume of travels. His account of Granada is very thorough—one is hardly prepared to find that the French in 1810 actually blew up a great deal of the Alhambra. He visited a good many out-of-the-way places, and his summary of travel hints is sure to be useful to intending tourists. He has some good remarks on Spanish painting and literature—Spain has her Tauchnitz in the editor of the "Biblioteca Universal"; and he winds up with a brief epitome of Spanish history. Our High Church friends will please note that a bull-fight is in Madrid slang called a "function."

We have before us Vol. I. of the *Bibliographer* and Vol. V. of the *Antiquary* (both published by Mr. Elliot Stock). Both form handsome and interesting works of reference.—"A History of Champagne," by Henry Vizetelly (Henry Sotheran and Co.), is an ornate volume by an admitted authority on wines. It contains all possible information on champagne and other sparkling wines, a quantity of padding which might well have been curtailed, and numberless engravings, many of them having the slightest possible reference to the subject matter of the work.—The state of agriculture in England is dealt with pleasantly and practically by Mr. Alfred J. Burrows in "The Agricultural Depression, and How To Meet It" (William Rider and Son). Mr. Burrows is sanguine as to the future of British agriculture, which is to be much improved, he thinks, by scientific farming. The appendices are valuable.—Another new work connected with the land question is that of Professor Henry Tanner, F.C.S.—"Holt Castle, or the Threefold Interest in the Land." This little book should be widely read in agricultural districts, for its teaching is healthy, and accords well with a tendency of the day, Professor Tanner's object being to show that in every class which has to do with the land, whether as owner, occupier, or labourer, the influence of women has been too little utilised, and that that influence could be very powerful and very valuable.—"Peace and War in the Transvaal," by Mrs. Walter H. C. Long (Sampson Low and Co.), is an unpretentious and straightforward account of the gallant defence of Fort Mary, Lydenberg, by Lieutenant Long against the Boers, during the late rising in the Transvaal. Many will read with pleasure this simple narrative of British gallantry.—Dr. Langton Leigh has published, price three shillings, "an entirely new drama in five acts," called *Louise*. The words "new and original," when applied to dramas, bear, it is well-known, a very different meaning to that usually attached to them, and Dr. Leigh adds in a note that "*Louise* is founded on the German of the late eminent Baron Von Kotzebue." There is nothing in the play to differentiate it from the general run of comedies written by amateurs ignorant of stage requirements, and destitute of literary style.—Bicycling is now so popular a sport that it has created a literature and supports periodicals. "The Indispensable Bicyclists' Handbook," by Henry Sturmer, has reached the fifth year of its publication, and fully justifies its title. It is as complete as such a manual could be.—An enticing little book bound in vellum, and printed on hand-made paper, is Mrs. Haweis's "Beautiful Houses" (Sampson Low and Co.). Containing, as it does, descriptions of some of the most "artistic" London houses, it should be of much use in affording valuable hints to those anxious, even at this late hour, to escape from the horse-hair, gilt mirror, and graining stage of decorative development, and to feel their way towards dados, tinted ceilings, and Chippendale chairs.—Two books on Longfellow are "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: A Biographical Sketch," by Francis L. Underwood (George Routledge and Sons), and "The Home Life of Henry W. Longfellow," by Blanche Roosevelt Tucker-Macchetta. Both are interesting. Mr. Underwood's biography is solid and praiseworthy, and has the advantage of being undertaken at the poet's request, and carried out partly under his superintendence. It will doubtless take its place as a standard work of reference for those interested in the great American writer, but it will naturally be superseded, as far as the general public is concerned, by the biography of Longfellow which his family have in preparation. The reader of Mrs. Tucker-Macchetta's book is irritated by errors of taste, slips in grammar, and all sorts of puerilities, including moral and explanatory discourses on such little-known writers as Dante, Alfred de Musset, &c. We have at least as much of Mrs. Tucker-Macchetta as of Longfellow. Still students of Longfellow must be content to condone the puerilities for the sake of the really interesting and valuable matter which the volume contains.—A very *apropos* publication is Captain W. R. Ludlow's "Zululand and Cetewayo" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.). Captain Ludlow travelled in Zululand, resided in Zulu kraals, and had ample opportunities of studying Zulu life and character. He argues strongly against the restoration of Cetewayo to power, and is an ardent supporter of Sir Bartle Frere's policy. The book is well worthy of study.

With the arrival of Midsummer weather the usual crop of guide-books appear. Chief among these we may mention the new edition of Mr. Askew Roberts's "Gossiping Guide to Wales" (Hodder and Stoughton), a very readable, and at the same time very practical guide; the eleventh edition of "Marsh's American Guide to London" (C. L. Marsh and Co.), in which all necessary information for American visitors is packed into the smallest possible space; "The Tourists' Guide to Warwickshire," by G. Phillips Bevan, and "The Tourist's Guide to Essex," by Edward Walford, two more of Mr. Edward Stanford's excellent series of guides to the English counties.—The latest of the "Half-Holiday Handbooks" published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, deals with "Sydenham, Dulwich, and Norwood," and the most recent volumes of the Illustrated Europe Series (C. Smith and Son), deal with "The Gruyère" and "The St. Gothard Railway." These last-mentioned guides are remarkable for the number and excellence of their engravings, and are among the very best of cheap guide-books.—Dr. J. Burney Yeo's "Health Resorts and their Uses" (Chapman and Hall), is more than a mere guide-book, but it may conveniently be mentioned here. It would be difficult to speak too highly of this work as a trustworthy guide to the health resorts of Europe. All invalids seeking alleviation in foreign travel should study it before making up their minds where to go.—"The Arsenical Springs at La Bourboule, Auvergne," by Dr. G. H. Brandt (H. K. Lewis), is a pamphlet dealing fully with a rising spa, which is mentioned also in Dr. Yeo's work.

We are able merely to acknowledge the receipt of "A Model Father," by D. Christie Murray (Grant's Summer Number); a new edition of William Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places" (Longmans, Green, and Co.); "Talks with the People by Men of Mark—Sir Wilfrid Lawson on Temperance" (*Home Words Office*); "Letters to a Grand Old Man," by Rory-o'-the-Hills (Tinsley Brothers); "The Order of St. John of Jerusalem," by Elizabeth Surtees-Allnatt (Griffith and Farran); and a new edition of Mr. Walter Besant's "Revolt of Man" (William Blackwood and Sons).

THE DRAINING OF THE ZUYDER ZEE, which has been carried on by the Dutch for several years past, has lately progressed so energetically that the whole of the southern portion is now completely reclaimed.



"NORTHAM CLOISTERS," by the author of "Alcestis" (2 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a novel of much more than ordinary merit. It is full of thought, and of knowledge of character and feeling, while the most apparently intangible moods are caught and described in such wise as to render them as clear as day. We are the more anxious to state this strongly at the outset, because it is impossible to regard "Northam Cloisters" as satisfactory on the whole. It is certainly wanting in continued interest, for the very sufficient reason that the principal characters, one and all, are but bundles of such moods as we have mentioned. William Milton, the hero of the story, is the successful portrait of a shy recluse, who believes that the good things of life and action are not for him, and, until the natural hunger for happiness awakens, is quite content with his imaginary destiny, to be a looker-on at the lives of others from the outside. In him, morbid self-consciousness and the habit of self-analysis are natural and fitting, as the leading notes of his character, but these unattractive qualities are no less pronounced in Temple, the ambitious politician, in Countismain, a young country squire, and in at least two of the three ladies who, after an extraordinary course of far-fetched misunderstandings, pair off with them suitably and make them happy. Life would be intolerable if men and women spent it in such profound meditation upon their exact relation to one another as the inhabitants of Northam Cloisters and their friends and acquaintances. Nevertheless, there is strength enough in their history to keep clear of the sentimentalities into which such a story is likely to run. They know how to think as well as feel. The novel has all the merits that can exist together without aid from incident, or from that dramatic force which gives life to portraiture, and all the charm which novelists appear able to draw from English Cathedral precincts with more certainty than from anywhere else in the world.

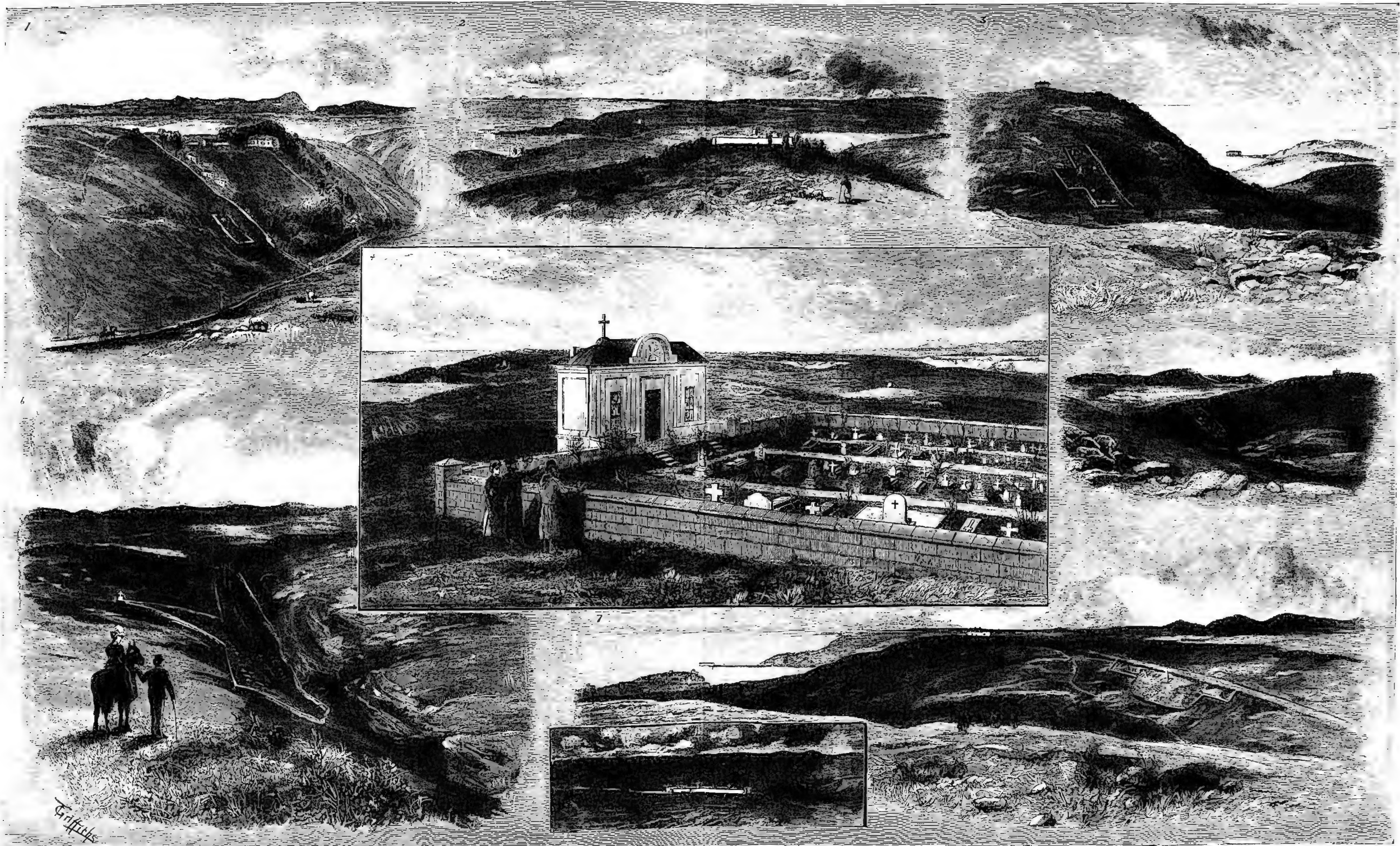
Mrs. Carey Brock's name is sufficient to indicate the character of "Changes and Chances" (1 vol.: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday). It is a very quiet and domestic tale for girls, religious in tone without being professedly what is called a religious story, and with very definitely instructive purposes. The last part of the description however, must not be taken in the unattractive sense that it mostly bears. The story is certainly uneventful in the extreme, but it very soon creates a quiet interest, which it fully maintains. The characters are not particularly full of life, but are sketched so clearly that no more than the ordinary amount of imagination, as needful in a reader as in an author, is required to fill in the outlines. Hope Savile, whose story Mrs. Brock follows, is the heroine of a little romance, in which her fancy is caught by a passing admirer's brilliancy, while her heart is left open for the true and honest lover. Of course that moral is as old as the hills, but a certain amount of freshness is brought into it by making Raymond an ideal type of all that is most attractive to the current artistic and intellectual tastes of the mind feminine. We do not suppose Mrs. Brock to be particularly sanguine as to the practical results of her moral, which a little more dramatic colouring would certainly have rendered considerably more forcible. But she has, at any rate, written a story which may do a little good, cannot possibly do any harm, and introduces the reader to some new acquaintances in such a way as to make them more interesting than is often the result of more ambitious fiction.

Short stories collected from the magazines very seldom represent their authors at their best. In "The Prince of Wales's Garden Party," and other stories (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, the authoress of "George Geith," and "The Senior Partner," shows scarcely a sign of power. In every feature, the collection is a mere piece of book-making. Even the title, and the plume of feathers on the cover, have a sort of catch-penny look, considering that they have no sort of natural connection with the story to which they belong. The situation might have occurred just as well at the top of Snowdon as at Chiswick, and has as much to do with the Tycoon as with the Prince or his party. Is it possible that the title was invented first, and the story written only in order to bring the title in? Even in that case, the task has been managed clumsily. None of the stories (of which the first is by far the least meritorious) are badly adapted for the pages of the lighter sort of magazine, but, having lived and flourished for their minute, they might very well have been suffered to rest quietly. Not even a novelist of Mrs. Riddell's calibre can afford to bring all her magazine trifles prominently before the world, with her name attached to them. Nothing is gained by proving how badly the best authors can contrive to write at times. It offers too much encouragement to those who can imitate them in all things save in writing well.



MESSRS. STANLEY, LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—With such collaborators as Adelaide Procter and Henry Leslie we are led to expect something very good, and are seldom, if ever, disappointed. "Who is the Angel that Cometh?" is a part song for a mixed choir, written and composed by the above, and worthy of their reputations as poet and musician. This beautiful composition will not make a passing reputation, but will take and keep a place in the foremost ranks of choral works for years to come.—There is quite a rage for trios for female voices, and there is an unfeeling demand for them at schools and colleges where part-singing is cultivated. "The Rose's Love," a cantata for three female voices, music by A. Schliebner, is a pretty and fanciful composition, well worthy the attention of music teachers and heads of colleges. The music is bright and sparkling, the words strictly proper.

Sunday School teachers and leaders of juvenile choral singing will find very useful "Come, Let's Play at Soldiers," a boy's march, written by W. H. L., music by Viscountess Folkestone. The tune is not only easy, but very catching.—A very pleasing song for a contralto is "The Child of the South," words by U. A. Taylor, music by Carr Moseley. This song will make its way to the front, and become a first favourite.—Although published in two keys, "Take Back the Flower" is essentially a tenor song; the lover-like words are not suitable for female singers. The gushing poetry is by Colonel Hughes-Hallett, the music by Ettore Gelli; both are of but average merit.—*Piquante* words and music to match, the former by Charles Townley, the latter by A. D. Davivier, combine to make "Kissing Little Maidens" a very taking song for a penny reading or a village concert; although calculated to provoke merry laughter, there is not a trace of vulgarity in this song, which is published in E and in D.—A pretty song is "Dawn," written and composed by Lewis Floren and Ernest Ford, published in three keys. It is the common property of all singers.—Somewhat dry, but excellent as a study, is "Menuet Improptu," by W. Macfarren.



1. GENERAL ESTCOURT'S GRAVE IN THE CEMETERY AT HEAD QUARTERS, WHERE LORD RAGLAN DIED.—2. CEMETERY OF THE 4TH DIVISION.—3. CEMETERY OF THE 23RD FUSILIERS.—4. CATHCART'S HILL CEMETERY.—5. CEMETERY BETWEEN LIGHT DIVISION AND CATHCART'S HILL CEMETERIES.—6. LIGHT DIVISION CEMETERY, WITH MEMORIAL MONUMENT ERECTED BY GENERAL STRAUBENZEE.—7. CEMETERY OF THE LIGHT DIVISION ON THE WORONZOW ROAD.—8. CEMETERY OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

THE BRITISH CEMETERIES IN THE CRIMEA AS THEY NOW ARE



RURAL NOTES

HAY IN THE NORTH.—The hay harvest on Tweedside is nearly concluded, and the oldest men never remember one so good. Fifty years ago there was a crop as large, but never one so satisfactory in respect to quantity and quality at the same time. From Fife we hear that the East of Scotland is believed to have the finest and heaviest hay crop of the century. The bulk in certain districts is said to be enormous. The West side has also a good hay crop, and the Lake District has over an average yield. Quality, however, does not appear to be so good upon the East side from Hull to Aberdeen.

THE NORTHERMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY held their annual meeting on the 10th inst. at Alnwick. The attendance of ten thousand people made the gathering very lively; but as at the "Royal," so here, the refreshment department broke down, and the *Newcastle Courant* regrets that complaints everywhere were both loud and deep, not only as to the inability of obtaining refreshment, but also as to incivility and impertinence on the part of the caterers. We repeat these remarks here because the matter, slight as it seems, is really a serious one. The local show is in most country places the great event of the year, and the visitors spend the greater part of a day thereat. If they are to enjoy the sight and to be encouraged to come another time, they must not be sent home either faint and exhausted, or else fleeced by the most extortionate charges for third-rate viands and drink. As regards the show itself the shortcomings were a very good entry, but several were not forthcoming on the show-day. There were some splendid animals shown in the Angus classes, but the Galloways were not satisfactory. The sheep-pens were but half filled, but Leicesters and Cheviots were a good show. A large and most interesting exhibition of shepherd's dogs proved exceedingly attractive. As many as fifty-seven rough-haired dogs were shown. In the horse department the agricultural, hunter, and hackney classes were exceptionally good, and would, indeed, have taken a great deal of beating at any show in England, not excepting the Royal. Of implements there was a very extensive and excellent assortment, and there were some interesting exhibits of cereal samples. The weather was gloriously fine.

CHESHIRE.—Wheat ears are filling out well, and a heavy crop is now expected. Oats are in parts an extraordinary large yield, and throughout the county the bulk is distinctly over average. Some oats sent us from this county are nearly eight feet high, very robust, and carrying a very large number of well developed grains. They are black tartary pedigree oats, and this sort has been specially fine in its growth this year. Roots promise to be a heavy yield, but potatoes have been attacked by disease. New oats have been offered at the Cheshire markets.

SHEEP.—The days of the Golden Fleece seem indeed to be returning when we hear of Southdowns of no special breeding merit fetching 160s. apiece, and of a large ram sale giving an average of sixteen guineas per head. At a great sale of pure bred Shropshire sheep recently held at Birmingham, very high prices were realised, and at Mr. John Treadwell's sale near Aylesbury, half a hundred shearing rams averaged 27l. each. Mr. Milton Druce has just bought a shearling for sixty-four guineas. Foreign purchasers, American and German, are paying royal sums for good animals. If this sort of thing goes on much longer the consumption of mutton will be limited to the peerage.

SCOTCH POLLED CATTLE are also rising in value, and the recent demand for America has quite excited the northern farmers. A single breeder has just refused an order for a hundred polled bulls. He urges breeders to bestir themselves. It is now discovered, that although a two-year-old black polled heifer is the choicest beef with which a London butcher delights to supply his customers, and which returns a good paying profit to this breeder in the North, yet, it is only common sense to suppose that the same heifer could at three years old be the dam of a calf that in twelve months would realise a hundred pounds. It is believed that in future less beef to London will be the order of the day.

POTATOES.—Disease is spreading rather rapidly, and the yield will be much reduced thereby. But for this misfortune, a large and fine crop was on the point of enriching cultivators. At Spalding and Market Rasen recent diggings have shown a large proportion to have disease, and as its prevalence in the West Country was known some time ago, it appears to have completely crossed the island.

GOOSEBERRIES.—The value of fruit farming seems to be understood in East Anglia, in one district of which the production of gooseberries has been of late years greatly developed. The present has been a prolific and profitable season, and the prices obtained for crops on the ground have ranged from 70l. to 100l. an acre. A contemporary, which we try hard to disbelieve on this point though not on others, says, "The raising of gooseberries has been considerably stimulated by the demand made from the North of England for the raw material for the manufacture of champagne."

MILKING.—It is recommended that farmers should place over the cans for milk two cloth strainers of unequal thickness, the lower one being the thicker. Woollen flannel is an excellent material. As often as matter accumulates on the strainers they should be turned over and rinsed. Commenting upon the advantages of this precaution, the *Chester Chronicle* advises every dairy farmer to adopt it. So far so good; but why should our contemporary add "Cleanliness in the dairy is nearer to Godliness than anywhere else?" The italics are our own.

THE SWIFTS are leaving us. Most of them indeed have already left, and the owl and the bat will have the church towers to themselves until a new year is nearing May. From the Lake District there were great flights on the 5th and 6th inst., and on the same days there were numerous gatherings in the East of England. The terrible slaughter of these migrants by the Greeks and Italians is causing them to become scarcer year by year. We suppose that an international arrangement for protecting birds must be met by the Philistines' favourite adjective "Utopian!"

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—What is a "herling?" ordinary folk may admit ignorance without shame, seeing that pisciculturists are themselves divided on the point. Professor Huxley, however, has now given a decided opinion that "the herling is the 'grilse' of the sea trout."—The discovery of *Conocephalus Conicus* and of *Preissia Commutata*, near Buxton, adds two to the list of plants hitherto recorded as natives of Derbyshire. Mrs. Perrin and Mr. Holt were the fortunate finders.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—The Tyneside Society had a most successful meeting at Hexham, the total number of entries exceeding 450, and the horses, shorthorns, and Leicester sheep classes being of special merit.—The East Berwickshire show at Reston proved very attractive. Both the fat stock and the sheep were extremely good for a local show.—The Border Union exhibited an extremely choice selection of stock at Kelso, Lord Londonderry taking many prizes. The shorthorns were few in number, but the quality was excellent. Hunters, hackneys, ponies, Border Leicesters, and Cheviots were very well filled classes.

NOTTINGHAM AND LEICESTER.—Sketch maps of the boundaries of a large number of parishes in the county of Nottingham and Leicester will lie for inspection at the Board Room, Town Offices, Loughborough, on the 23rd, and at the Police Station, Hingham, on the 24th. As the Ordnance Survey maps are compiled from these sketches, anybody having property in the districts sketched would do well to verify them.

NORFOLK.—The *Norwich Argus* estimates the year's cereal crops in Norfolk as follows:—Wheat, 15 per cent. under average; barley, 10 per cent. under average; oats, 10 per cent. over average. This journal is usually an accurate critic of matters agricultural, but we must say our faith is a little shaken by the statement that there are over sixteen million acres under oats in England. This can hardly be a misprint, it is probably one of those extraordinary delusions concerning agriculture in which certain otherwise well-informed papers are known to indulge. Rather over one-and-a-half million acres in England and one million acres in Scotland are under oats.

ON TRAMP OVER THE ST. GOTHARD

THE opening of the St. Gothard Railway, recently celebrated with many festivities, will attract special attention this summer to that international highway. As, however, many persons in London prefer a slow omnibus, or slower tram-car, to travelling by the rapid but stuffy Underground line, so a large proportion of tourists going between Switzerland and Italy will hesitate, unless in a hurry, to make their journey by the tunnel route. Such as desire to see the most of Nature's grandeur may still be expected to choose the older-fashioned modes of "doing" the Alps; even if the new competition of the ironway stimulates no improvement in the ancient diligence. But the best way to see an Alpine pass is to travel leisurely on foot, pausing where the view tempts one to linger, instead of driving ahead, and catching only an imperfect glimpse of the scenery from a lumbering coach. The walk over the St. Gothard can be done in two days, but if three can be spared for it, undue fatigue may be avoided by unaccustomed pedestrians; and there is an ample choice of easy stages, with good hotels in which to break the journey. From the Lake of Lucerne, the route to it takes us through the district associated with the fame of William Tell. The village of Fluelen and the antique little town of Altdorf, both recall vividly the romantic story of the Swiss patriot, in which the natives still cherish a firm belief. Leading incidents in the life of the Liberator form the subject of public monuments and public-house signs, whilst in rude *fresco* they also adorn the exterior of many buildings passed in hastening on towards Amsteg. Here the road crosses the Reuss, which dashes madly along, foaming and leaping over its rocky bed. Tracing the channel of this brawling river towards its source, we are led to the ascent of the St. Gothard, which does not consist of a single eminence, as many suppose, but is formed by a mountainous group of striking grandeur. The pyramidal form of the Bristenstock towers in front, but in our winding upward path many other majestic heights rise to view. The cardinal peak of the pass is Galenstock, of which the late Hepworth Dixon wrote that "Ancient shepherds, coming up the valleys of the Rhone and Reuss, in search of fortune, called it 'the Pillar of the Sun.' He is the Saul of the St. Gothard group—above the tallest of his brethren, though all these mountains are of Anak breed. Three glaciers hang about his hoary neck, and shiver down his sturdy sides. Above his summit floats a canopy of cloud, from under which at times leap fire, and wind, and hail—those rival demons of this upper air, which shake and daze the earth in their Plutonic and magnetic strife."

The northern end of the great nine-mile tunnel is at the straggling and unattractive village of Göschenen, the path to which follows the line of the new railway. The workmen who have been engaged in its construction were mostly Italians, their labour being both cheap and trustworthy. Their constant presence rather disturbed the impressive solitude usually associated with the rugged grandeur of these Alpine regions. There was, however, some compensation in the strange effect produced by the thunder of their blasting operations. As many of the tunnels and cuttings are near the road, great care had to be taken to prevent accidents, workmen being sent out in each direction with a red flag of warning to intercept wayfarers at a safe distance until the charges of dynamite had exploded. Each of these loud reports echoed among the neighbouring valleys, sounding like an artillery battle, or, sometimes, as if an earthquake were about to thwart man's boldness in piercing the heart of these gigantic mountains. Beyond Göschenen, where the glacier landscape is unmistakable, the visitor enters the sombre rocky defile of Schöllenen, bounded by lofty and almost perpendicular walls of granite, at the base of which dashes the impetuous Reuss. The road ascends by numerous windings, protected at some points from avalanches by a gallery or roofed passage. In the midst of this wild scene stands the Devil's Bridge, bedewed by spray from the river, which falls in a picturesque cascade into an abyss 100 feet below.

Winding 'neath rocks impending, and o'er steep
Dread in their awful altitude, the road
Leads through a pass whose grandeur is a load
Upon the awe-struck mind: the wild Reuss sweeps
From precipice to chasm, where it keeps
Boiling and fretting till it throws abroad
Mist-clouds, then chafed and flying from its goal,
Like fiery steeds, o'er crag and crevice leaps.

The natural impressiveness of the scene is enhanced by its historical associations, this bridge having been the centre in 1799 of a terrible battle between the French and Austrian armies. A mile beyond it lies Andermatt, where the landscape suddenly changes, opening out into a spacious green meadow, believed to have been the bed of a lake in ancient times. A short distance past Andermatt lies Hospenthal, where the Furca Road diverges to the right, at a height of 4,800 feet above the level of the sea. The winding path here becomes steeper and gains in impressiveness as it ascends to the chilly summit, 2,136 feet higher, where the hotel affords welcome rest and refreshment to fortify the tourist for a more rapid descent on the Italian side.

The southern slope of the St. Gothard is, at the outset, much steeper than its Swiss side. Rapid progress in the descent is, however, a welcome change from the more toilsome exercise of ascending, and, besides, it restores warmth in the pedestrian after leaving the chill breezes of the higher level. The coach route is along an extraordinary zigzag road, which constantly twists and turns in serpentine fashion—thus increasing its length so as to moderate the gradient. Instead of following its sharp curves, the tourist on foot may take the narrower short cuts. These lead more directly to the lower levels, and thus he is enabled to get along faster than any diligence could travel.

For some distance the scenery is rugged, and destitute of vegetation. In winter and spring the snow is often piled up here on the roadside in heaps nearly forty feet high. Sometimes it remains unmelted throughout the hot summer; but in late autumn the only snow to be seen lies sheltered from the sun's rays in some crevice of the high mountains which rise around in lonely majesty. When a storm or avalanche suddenly disturbs those upper regions, alarmed travellers must be thankful for protection in the refuge huts provided at several points of danger. Near the first of these rough but ready shelters the road enters the Val Tremola. From the southern extremity of this somewhat dismal Pass you may enjoy, as in striking contrast to it, a magnificent view of that fair and fruitful valley known as the Leventina. So captivating is the panorama, that at first one

almost fears it may dissolve from the view, "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" but, lingering to look again, new beauties reveal themselves as you gaze from these stern wintry heights to the soft luxuriance of that distant hollow. Instead of bare rocks like those now left behind, it discloses a rich expanse of orchards, villages, vineyards, and green fields, with their sombre setting of pine-clad hills, the tops of which are, as we gaze, illumined with the radiance of sunset. Sad it is to remember that this fertile and lovely vale was once the scene of grinding despotism, followed by a revolt, the leaders of which were executed, and their heads suspended from the chestnut trees. Passing the Southern termination of the St. Gothard Tunnel, the traveller descends upon the thoroughly Italian little town of Airolo,—twenty miles distant by road from Göschenen. Huge masses of rock, stately trees, and sparkling waterfalls lend variety and interest to the charming prospect. But it is at Dazio Grande that the beauty of the scene is most fully realised. In this picturesque ravine, the river Ticino precipitates itself in a series of cataracts through the gorge. The road descends the defile, close to where the river has forced a passage for itself, enabling any one to see to advantage every aspect of the striking picture. Beyond this point the scenery becomes more and more Italian in its character. The valley expands, and, whilst a few cascades still leap in fantastic shapes from the time-beaten cliffs, the frequent appearance of vineyards, or mulberry, walnut, and fig trees, mark the tourist's approach to the "Garden of Europe."

J. D. SHAW

CAPITAL IN CONFERENCE

WITH recurring regularity twice a year capitalists meet in conference; and the peculiarity of the meeting is, that the less the result of the investment of the capital the greater the number of those who meet. The most prominent examples of the conference are the half-yearly meetings of the railway companies. February and August see the gatherings, in London at Euston, Paddington, and other parts; for the Midland at Derby; the North-Eastern at York; the Lancashire and Yorkshire at Manchester, and so on, throughout the lessening list of the companies. And it matters not whether it is under the chairmanship of a Colville, a Gooch, or a Moon in London, a Thompson at Derby, a Dent at York, or a Watkin at Manchester, the characteristics of the gathering are the same, though the capital may vary from a few millions to that of a hundred millions sterling, and though the meeting may represent the lordship of locomotion over a mileage that may vary from twelve to twelve hundred. There are differences in the meeting-room: now a board-room, cushioned, and close, and warm; and now some bare place of public gathering, where the seats are hard and unyielding, and the only objects of interest are the packed platform and the reporters' creaking table below. But the people who meet are similar, and their aspect, their interest, and their attraction speak of and in—"property." It is "the jingle of the guinea" that has brought them, and that in numbers from a few to a few hundred, out of a share register that rises from a few hundred to over twenty-seven thousand in some of the companies. Nearly all are males, now and then an ancient-looking lady gathers to hear the dry oration of the chairman; but the visit is not repeated. Most are elderly men, who go as a duty, or led by custom, or desiring to make complaint, or encourage some complainer. Hence the benches show an array of heads where greyness and baldness take it nearly in turns; aldermanic "corporations" are frequent; and there are dozens who answer to Præd's description of a Dean—"rich, fat, and rather apoplectic."

On the platform are the directors, the secretary, and chief engineer, and other head officials. In front of the chairman is the huge register of shareholders; and, when the secretary has adjusted his glasses, and read the advertisement convening the meeting, amidst a chorus of coughs and shuffling of feet, the seal is affixed to the register, and the chairman performs what Ingoldsby describes as the preliminary to a speech—"he gets on his legs," arranges his voluminous figures, and gives for a full hour an analysis of the report and of its figures. It is a dry description of dead figures and heavy facts—statements of the capital expended, the miles run, the cost of the working, the results of the Parliamentary fights, and is as lively as an attempt to read a statistical abstract. The reporters toil away at it, the members of the Board throw in ejaculatory and encouraging "hears;" but the comfortably-seated shareholders begin to feel the dulness, and show it like that parson Tennyson tells of, who was "sent to sleep with sound and waked with silence;" whilst those whose benches are hard begin to yawn before the wearisome round is reached, and the welcome words of the formal motion for the receiving and adoption of the report conclude the exhaustive and exhausting statement.

Some ornamental member of the Board seconds the motion in a very short sentence, and the ball is opened. Shareholders of all classes who have nursed their wrath to keep it warm throughout six months now pour out their vitals. One complains of the amount of capital expenditure; another urges that fresh lines should be made to tap new sources of traffic; a third, "like a butt and harsh as crabs," is a general critic, condemning the policy of the Board, past, present, and future, and so on throughout the long list. The audience is patient for a time; but, when some prolix speaker dilates for five minutes on a local grievance in a voice generally inaudible, it puts an unmistakable end to his discourse, and paves the way for the chairman's reply. This is shorter and livelier than the speech, and after it is made, and a repetition of a complaint has been clamoured down, the formal motion is put and always carried, for even a proposal of an amendment thereto is infrequent. Then the stampee commences, and the motions for payment of dividend, for the election or re-election of officers are carried in dumb show amidst the clatter caused by the departing hundreds. This member of Parliament on the platform sees a constituent, and the inevitable hand-shake across the table scatters the two last of the reporters who are badgering the secretary for the M.S. of the chairman's figures; one of the discontented speakers is button-holing a local director in a corner and giving him a second edition of his speech, and the clerks of the Company are beginning to remove the documents that have littered the table. The men who have gained a fortune by casting a "balance at the desk, perched like a crow upon a three-legged stool;" the genial old country squire; the present-day type of "Quince," who "shrank from Chancery suits—and marriage," and has his money in the sweet simplicity of Preference Stock; the alderman "old and obese," like those of Hamelin; the well-to-do farmer, the ruddy-checked Vicar; the barrister who has few briefs and wishes to exercise his tongue in public, the disappointed engineer, and the gentlemen who aim at directorship; these, and well-to-do tradesmen who have a few hundreds of "stock," with other representatives of capitalists large and small, then take their departure till another six months shall repeat the scene.

J. W. S.

EARTHQUAKES in Japan occur at about the rate of three shocks daily, according to a recent report to the Seismological Society at Tokio, reported in the *Japan Weekly Mail*. Mr. J. Milne has been studying the subject for several years, and has established a wide system of observations, all towns within a radius of 100 miles of Tokio, as well as 200 miles further north, being furnished with post-cards, which are sent off every week, recording the shocks in the neighbourhood. Earthquakes are more frequent in Northern than Southern Japan, and the most dangerous district is the Eastern portion lying between Tokio in the south and the iron mines of Kamaishi in the north.

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SYRUP is the best and surest remedy in the
 world for all diseases of children, such as teething,
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 comfort to mother and child. Sold by all chemists at
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 This is the universal opinion of everybody who has tried
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and
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 Packets, 11s. each.

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PHOTOGRAPH and a letter to Dr. Holman
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 General Garfield believed the HOLMAN PAD to be the
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GLYKALINE effectually relieves
 Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent
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 remedy in these complaints.

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 "TAIION ROUGE," writing in *Vanité Fair* under
 date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the
 valuable property of CURING cold in the head. The
 man who has discovered a surer remedy for this plague
 ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human
 race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a
 general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh.
 I sped to the nearest chemist, and found the longed-
 for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a
 colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE. The
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NEURALINE,
 THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
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 ralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

NEURALINE is known as a reliable
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 AN APPROVED APPLICATION FOR
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A AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,
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 beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness,
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 AUROSINE causes to use, agreeable in perfume,
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ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINC-
TURE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE.
 The Best Preparation for the Teeth and Gums.
 This elegant and approved preparation may be used
 in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth,
 prevents decay, improves and preserves the enamel,
 hardens the Gums, and improves their colour. As an
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 much esteemed, and is in increasing demand. It effec-
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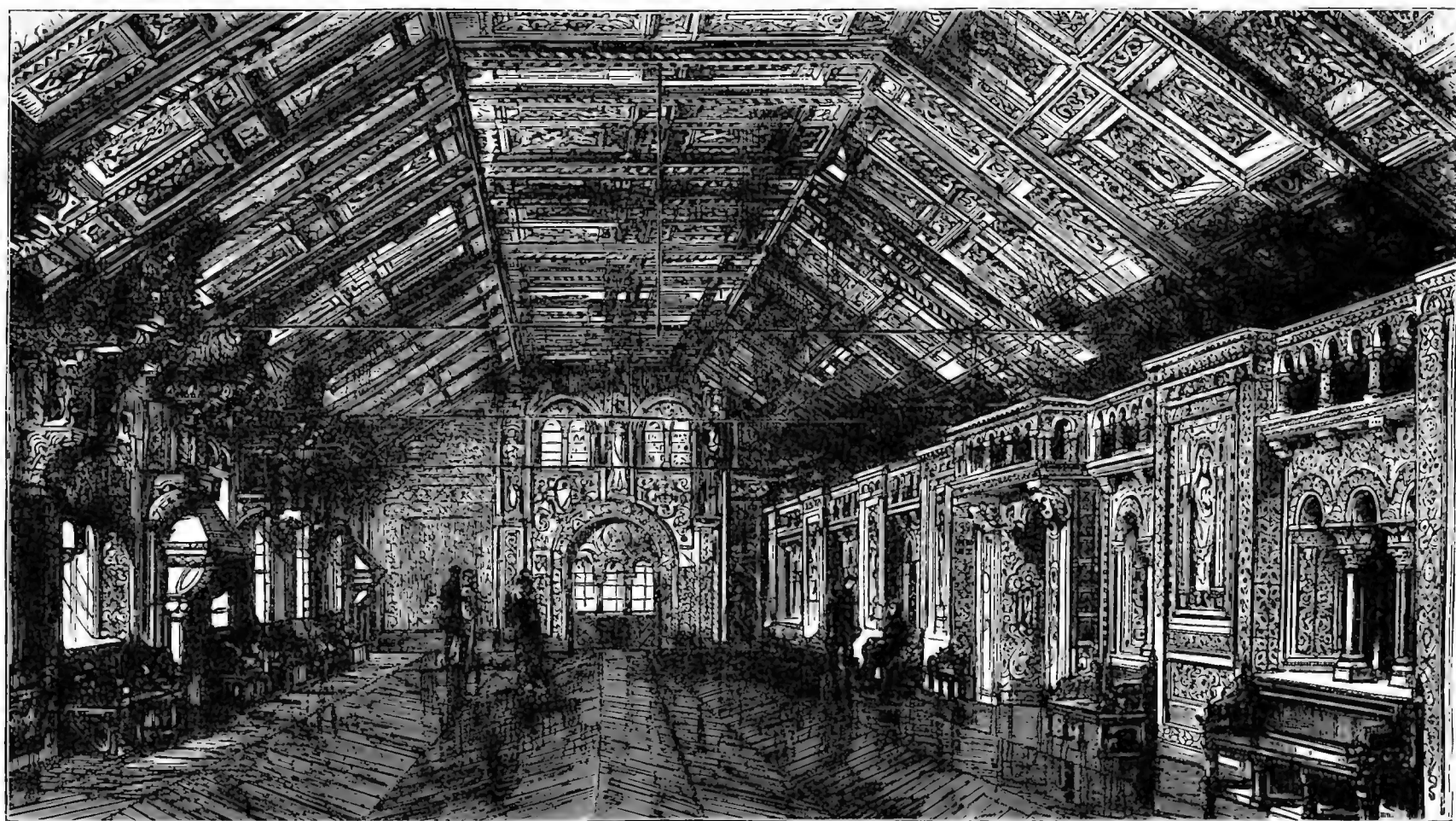
BERBERINE,
 For Liver Derangement, Indigestion, and Constipation.
 A new and valuable remedy for removing
 Headache, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and
 Nausea. It promotes healthy action in the stomach,
 removes fulness and stagnation, with a feeling of gid-
 diness and prostration. BERBERINE is really excel-
 lent for Colic and aching in the joints and kidneys;
 while in Indigestion and constipation it stands un-
 rivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and
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OZONISED OIL,
 THE NEW PREPARATION
 FOR THE HAIR.
 By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished
 and its natural appearance improved, but decay and
 weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and re-
 judicial influences eradicated. It is proportionately
 welcome to all who complain of their Hair falling off, as
 OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens
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 the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and
 may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d.,
 and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s.

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE
 A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. It is
 applied on wool, and hardens in the cavity. This liquid
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 from cold or from any foreign substance, and while
 giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. This
 Essence cures Toothache, and makes mastication pos-
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THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

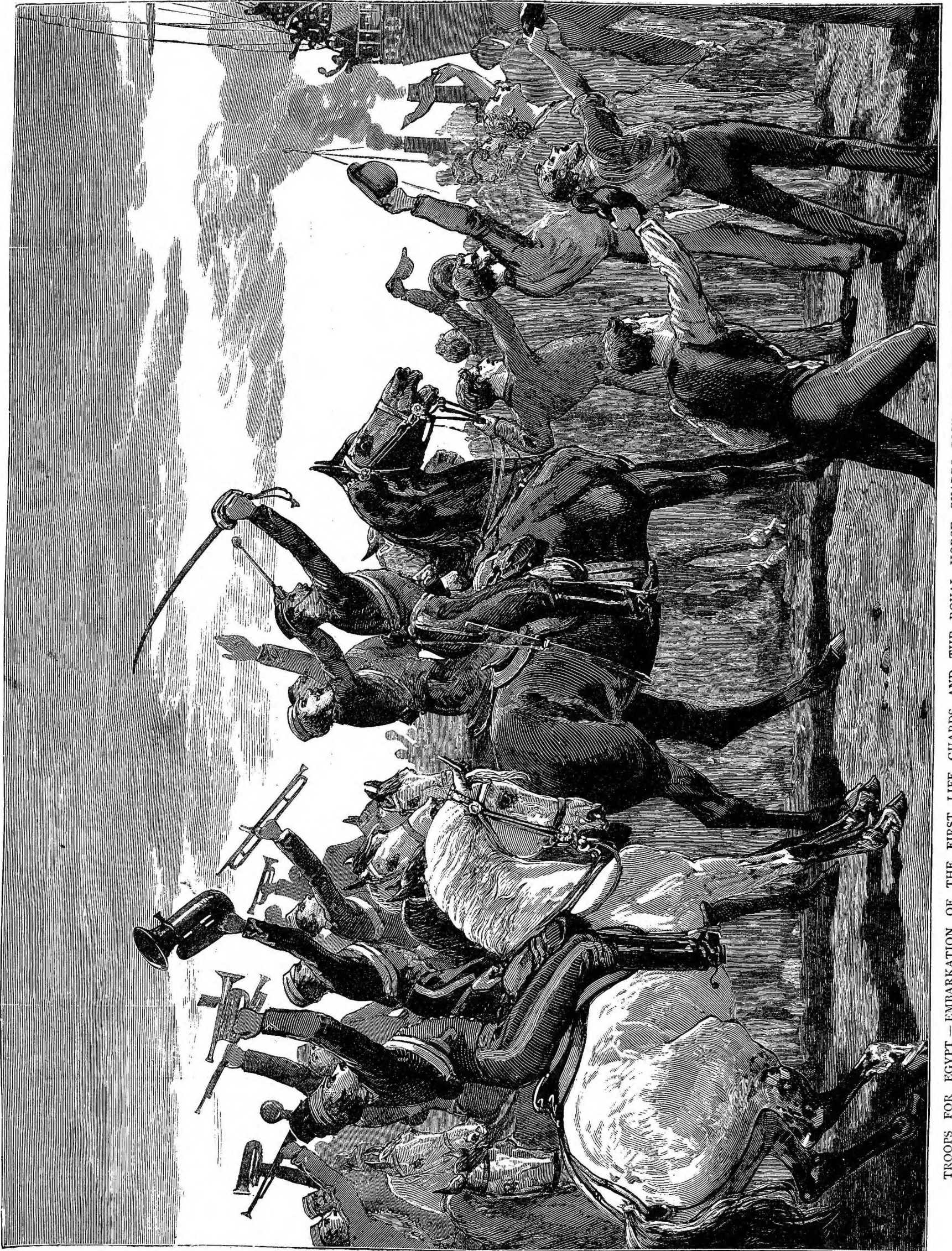


THE BANQUETING HALL IN THE CASTLE



LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE CASTLE

LUTHER AT WARTBURG



TROOPS FOR EGYPT — EMBARKATION OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS AND THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS BLUE AT THE ALBERT DOCKS—THE BANDSMEN WAVING
FAREWELL TO THEIR COMRADES



THEATRES

THE unacted dramatists who complain so bitterly of the want of enterprise among managers are at length to be taken in hand in systematic fashion. In October next it is expected that the new NOVELTY Theatre erecting in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, opposite the Freemasons' Tavern, will be ready to open; and one of the incidental features of the management of this latest addition to our Metropolitan playhouses is to be the production in a tentative way, on Saturday afternoons, of such pieces as it may be deemed expedient to select for this honour out of the manuscripts which untried authors are invited to send. The management promise that all such manuscripts shall receive careful consideration. The new house is the property of a Limited Liability Company, of which Mr. James Albery and Mr. Everett Millais are directors. Its manager is to be Mr. Somers Bellamy, who has contributed to the stage a comedy and some lighter pieces. The Novelty is to be lighted like the Savoy by electricity, with gas in reserve in case of accidents. It is about the size of the Vaudeville, and will be a handsome house. The management have the good sense to adopt the rapidly extending fashion of abolishing all petty exactions in the shape of fees or otherwise. There is even a touch of romantic generosity in their undertaking to furnish opera glasses to stalls, dress circle, and private boxes free of charge.

The campaign against dangerous theatres is being prosecuted with vigour by the Board of Works in association with the Lord Chamberlain. The ROYALTY has received an intimation that the Board will not recommend the present house for a renewed license; nor will it recommend any house built on the same site. This we understand to mean that the house must either be reconstructed on a larger site, or cease to exist as a theatre. The proprietors of DRURY LANE have been called upon to make structural alterations, which will cost, it is said, 1,000*l*. The LYCEUM is to construct a new gallery staircase—the management in their recent extensive alterations having, it appears, in the opinion of the Board of Works, forgotten to provide as well for the safety of gallery folk as for that of more distinguished patrons. The GAIETY, the VAUDEVILLE, and other houses have also had to make improvements with a like view to the safety of audiences in case of fire or panic. Although the Lord Chamberlain's officials have no fund for prosecuting managers who neglect their behests, they wield a formidable power—at least, in the case of all but the two "patent" houses, COVENT GARDEN and DRURY LANE—owing to the necessity of applying to them annually for a renewal of such licence. The authority of the Board of Works will, of course, lend valuable support in cases in which the Lord Chamberlain may think proper to resort to the extreme measure of finally "silencing," as the old phrase was, any particular house for persistent neglect of reasonable precautions.

Mr. Irving has, we believe, determined to make his first appearance on the American stage in the part of Matthias in *The Bells*. His tour in the United States will extend over ten months, commencing on the 29th October, 1882.

Mrs. Langtry will commence her fortnight's series of performances at the IMPERIAL Theatre, on the 16th September, in the part of Hester Grazebrook in *The Unequal Match*. In the following week she will play Rosalind; after which she departs for the United States in pursuance of arrangements made with Mr. Abbey, the well-known American manager.

The next novelty at the GAIETY will be a burlesque-drama, by Mr. Reece, on the subject of *Robin Hood*.

Nine important London Theatres have now closed their doors. These are the HAYMARKET, the ST. JAMES's, the LYCEUM, the GLOBE, the PRINCE OF WALES's, the COURT, the OPERA COMIQUE, the COMEDY, and the CRITERION.

HUNTING FOR LODGINGS.

WHO does not know the misery of a hunt for lodgings? Talk of house-cleaning, or papering, or painting, or even an epidemic of measles, they all fall short of the disagreeableness of a lodging-hunt. These hunts take place at periodical times. A change of air is urgently needed, or the children must have a run at the sea-side, so off we set, intent on getting what we want, and resolute not to budge from our price a single inch. Alas, for the vanity of human wishes! There is perhaps no contrast so great as the buoyant hopefulness with which we start on our errand, and the weary despondency with which we return, beaten on all points. It is the summer season at Screwington-on-Sea, and all the inhabitants are bent on making hay while the sun shines, and are determined to prey on visitors, as locusts feed on leaves. We encounter landladies fat and landladies lean, landladies in widows' caps (slightly soiled), and landladies without caps, landladies on terraces, in cottages, in streets—but all alike in some respects, all have seen better circumstances, and all set their faces as a flint when the subject of terms, kitchen fires, and other small etceteras, are mentioned. There is nothing for it but to give in. A slow-gathering despair creeps over us as we stand in the frowzy parlours, and gaze helplessly at the horse-hair sofas, and at the faded photographs of Screwington Pier which adorn the mantelpiece. Our smiles are only met by a crushing "Of course," or by one of those terrible "buts" which contain such a world of meaning. It is when a lodging-hunt is made not for ourselves, but for our friends, that the difficulty of the search becomes aggravated a hundredfold. We are, perhaps, resting on our oars, with the delightful sensation of having nothing particular to do, when the post brings us a letter, which runs something as follows:—"We are thinking of going to the sea-side next week, and as you are so good-natured I am sure you will not mind seeing if there are any lodgings at Screwington which would be likely to suit us. We require so little, that I dare say you will find it quite easy to get us what we want. To be sure, our family is rather large, as the five boys are all at home from school, but our children are so quiet and biddable that they are not like other people's children, they never do any mischief, and hardly make any noise to signify."

Alas! Alas! "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Full well we know the devastation worked by these five boys on our new carpets, and the shouts of their unusually loud voices are still ringing in our ears. Yet there is nothing for it but to do as we are told. We are aware that it involves a whole day's hard work; but that is no matter; a sacrifice at the shrine of friendship must be made, and we dare not shrink from it. At the very mention of a family of children—at the bare idea of five schoolboys—our landladies frown ominously. Their ideal of a perfect lodger is a single gentleman, who dines out, and gives no trouble. They have set their faces against children, and put on the price immediately. We argue, they stand fast; we remonstrate, they hold out to the last penny. Again and again we go over the weary ground, and when, at last, we decide, it is with the unpleasant consciousness that our friends will find fault with everything we have done, and put all the discomforts they experience at our door.

We lately heard a story which bears so well on this subject that it is worth relating here.

A matron, blessed with nine olive-branches, set off on the usual

summer hunt for seaside lodgings. She took her formidable family with her. Followed by the nine, she rapped at door after door, and everywhere she was met by the cry, "No admittance. Children not allowed here." The shadows of evening were gathering round, and the search appeared almost hopeless.

The party wandered on and on, till at last they came to the outskirts of the town. Here they saw a peaceful country churchyard; the grey church tower pointed to the blue sky, there were tall tombstones and spreading yew-trees, interspersed with knots of flowers. It was a place to rest and be thankful in, and the exhausted lodging-hunters were delighted at stumbling on such a quiet retreat after the dust and worry of the day. But for the wearied matron there was no rest,—

Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

She had, as yet, found no lodgings, and like the Wandering Jew, she must go on and on and on, till she had accomplished the object of her mission. Seven of the nine children were so anxious to remain behind, and to play among the graves, that their mother consented, and only taking the two elder with her, she went through the iron gate, and passed on to a terrace of new houses. She tapped timidly at a door, over which the magic word, "Lodgings," was hung out. To her great surprise, she was greeted with smiles. The rooms appeared suitable, the terms were not exorbitant, everything seemed to answer admirably. She wondered at the change, but said nothing. At last, Mrs. Jones, the landlady, pointed to the two children, and put the searching question, "Are these all the children, you've got?" "Oh! no," answered the unsuspecting matron, a serious look coming into her face, "I have only these two with me, but I have seven in the churchyard."

Mrs. Jones turned aside, dropped a tear, and whispered, *sotto voce*, to her daughter, "Seven in the churchyard! Only think of that, Mary Anne. Poor thing! Poor thing! Well, I do feel for her, I have a child in the churchyard myself, and I know what it is."

Then, turning to her future lodger, she at once closed the bargain, and it was arranged that the new inmates were to arrive on the following day.

The day came. In the first cab was the mother and the four elder children; in the second came the five younger ones, accompanied by their nurse, and Paterfamilias was to follow later on in the evening. As for the luggage, there was no end of it. Baskets, hamper, and bath were thrust in between the large trunks, a Skye terrier peeped out of the window, and, in short, a more formidable cavalcade could hardly be seen. When the first cab drove up, followed closely by the second, Mrs. Jones lifted up her eyes and hands in horror.

"Why, how's this?" she gasped, as she surveyed her new lodger. "Whatever do you mean? Didn't you tell me you'd only two children?"

"I said I had only two with me," briskly answered the matron. "I said distinctly that I had seven more in the churchyard, and so I had. It was perfectly true, they were playing in the churchyard."

"Ah!"

A painful light gradually began to dawn on poor Mrs. Jones's perception. For once in her life she had been taken in. She had been the victim of a misconception, not the less trying because it had been carried out in perfect good faith, and she had no one to blame but herself. She was fairly in for it now. The party had arrived, and the shouts of the nine were even then sounding, loud and long, on the stairs. Yes! there were indeed nine children fully told. Most of them were armed with wooden spades, and all were bent on having a "jolly good time of it"—a time for which poor Mrs. Jones would have to suffer. The terrible truth was becoming more apparent every moment. The fact was undeniable. A landlady of seaside lodgings had been *done*!—the bitter had been bitten.

C. J. HAMILTON

SHETLAND FISHING SUPERSTITIONS

Now that the days of witches, pixies, brownies, trows, and ghosts are practically over, and the much less unpicturesque reign of *isms* and *ologies* has set in, it becomes a matter of something approaching to historical interest to note any well-authenticated instances of what may be called the lesser superstitions, such as "warnings," apparitions, and second-sight. Although among the lower classes in Shetland generally, a belief in such uncanny things is commonly repudiated, either categorically or with something of the hesitation which Madame de Staël expressed as to the non-existence of spirits:—"Je n'y crois pas, mais je les crains"—it cannot be disputed that they still constitute very powerful motives of action amongst the fishing communities of the more remote districts. Two examples of this in connection with the great storm of last summer which destroyed two boats of the *haaf* or deep-sea home fishing fleet, and rendered thirty-four widows, eighty-five children, and fourteen dependents destitute, have recently come under our notice. That disastrous gale which elicited so marked an expression of sympathy from all parts of the kingdom, and even from such distant colonies as Tasmania, South Australia, and New South Wales, was all the more appalling from its unwonted suddenness. "On the night of Wednesday, the 20th July, 1881," says the official report lately issued by the Shetland Relief Committee, the whole of the *haaf* fleet belonging to the North Isles was at sea. The day had been fine, and the air warm. Some heavy showers had fallen towards evening, but, except for a heavy swell on the sea, supposed to have been caused by the rain, there were no indications of an approaching storm. Between ten and eleven most of the boats were from forty to sixty miles out at sea. Some of the smaller ones had hauled their lines, and were making for the land with their fish; others were setting their lines, when all at once, and without any warning—"like the shot of a pistol," as it was described by an eyewitness—a storm from the north-north-west broke upon them. Between midnight and one o'clock A.M. on Thursday, the gale was at its height. About the latter hour it commenced gradually to moderate. So suddenly had wind and sea arisen, that some of the crews had not time to reef their sails, and had to set them for land just as they were. Thus over-rigged, they staggered and plunged onward. In some cases they reached the shore in safety. One, however, sweeping onward before the gale in this perilous trim, became unmanageable. Her rudder was lifted out of the water, and a gale of wind taking her sail aback, she was instantly swamped, and her crew left struggling in the sea. Many of the boats which reached the shore owed their safety to being ballasted with fish. The fish floated the boats while they were being emptied of water. The crews of others broke the lines of the fish they had caught, and cast them into the sea to calm the waves." As one of the deep-sea boats was laying her lines, one of the crew stood up and said, "Men, we will set no more lines to-night, but try to get in what we have already put out and make for the shore!" At this time the night was fine, though the sea was restless. He was asked his reasons for this advice, but he refused to give them. His entreaties and his tears prevailed. The lines were shipped, and the boat reached home in safety. It was only when all were safe on land that his lips were unsealed. He had seen in a "vision" the night before the whole North Isles *haaf* fleet setting out to sea. But six of them had *black* sails, and he knew from that they were doomed to be lost. And so unhappily it turned out. The other "warning" was no less striking. The previous winter, about the time the merchants were making up their crews for the ensuing *haaf* fishing,

one of them dreamed that the boat he had been fishing in was drifting in to Gloup, bottom up. He paid no attention to his dream, but prepared to engage in the same boat again. Shortly after he dreamed the same thing again—only more vividly than before. Convinced now that he had been warned, he decided to go in another boat. This he did. On the night of the storm the boat in which he sailed came safe to shore; that in which he intended to have engaged "came in to Gloup bottom up."



LEGAL

HOUSES UNFIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION.—An order of the Chiswick Local Board for the destruction, on sanitary grounds, of four cottages at Turnham Green, was confirmed at the Middlesex Sessions after a severe contest. According to the Medical Officer of the Fulham District, who was called as an expert for the defence, there were "hundreds of cottages in the neighbourhood which deserved demolition quite as much as these."

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—The motion for sequestration in the action of the Attorney-General v. The South-Eastern Railway Company and Others, on the ground that boring had been carried on after an undertaking given by the defendants that it should be discontinued, has been allowed to stand over *sine die*, the counsel for the Company undertaking that the boring machine should not be used again for any purpose whatever. The excuse was that the later borings had been necessary to keep the works clear.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES (ANIMALS) ACT.—On Tuesday the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company were summoned before Alderman Lusk, at the instance of the Privy Council, for not cleansing and disinfecting a truck used for the conveyance of cattle. The trucks in question had been scraped by the Company's servants, but not washed, and as a matter of fact foot-and-mouth disease broke out in the neighbourhood a few weeks after. It was further shown that the Company, who now tried to throw the blame upon their servants, had been fined before for similar offences. As the summons was only taken out for one truck, a fine was imposed of 20*l*. and costs.

MR. CREWES, OF CAPE TOWN, who has arrived in England to find copies of his original photographs of Cetewayo, taken at Oude Moulou, South Africa (copyright registered), selling in the streets at one penny each, is decidedly to be commiserated. He cannot get a summons until he has ascertained the name of the publisher of the prints of which he complains. And by that time possibly the demand for the Zulu chieftain's portrait will have very considerably abated.

THE INTERNATIONAL LAW CONFERENCE closed last week at Liverpool. A debate on the resolution that a "State interfering by force of arms in the internal affairs of another State, on the ground of redressing grievances suffered by its subjects, is not entitled to any indemnity in money or territory for the expenses of the war," was postponed to the next meeting, as "the time was not opportune for coming to a decision on the subject."

AT SET OF SUN

WITHIN the church, long shadows on the wall
Come, and are gone; the hours have lingering feet;
And the great organ's pulses rise and fall,
Waking to life in rapturous music sweet,
Weaving a poem ever mystical.
Without, in a high westward world of gold,
As loth to leave, the sun goes tenderly;
The trailing glories of his vesture's fold,
Amber and rose, and all fair hues that be,
Float all transfigured in a sapphire sea.
In the low hedge the brown birds chirp and sing,
And the wan wild rose opens its jewelled cup
Lighting the briar; the elder blooms are white;
Where late the hawthorn stars were blossoming,
Now woodbine doth its sweet breath render up,
And the rich air grows languorous with delight.

I know a lady, who at sunset fire—

O white, unsoiled dove!—comes here to prayer,
So pure she is, the seraphs scarce were higher;
So sweet, the Summer Wind in warm desire
With fair cool fingers ruffles her soft hair,
So tender, flowers are joyful 'neath her tread;
The loving dumb things gather in her way;
The singing birds from her white hands are fed.
Drop down, O Music, into silence grey!
She comes, my love, my love; O fairer than the day!
She kneels; the light from the rose-window rolled
Streams o'er her burnished hair and fair grand brows,
Staining her white robe with auroral dyes.
Now could I fall and kiss her garments' fold,
And tell her all my love and all my vows,—
Ah! the sweet wonder in her lovely eyes.

K. TYNAN

A ROYAL AUTOGRAPH ALBUM is shortly to be brought out at Berlin, containing the signatures of all the Teutonic sovereigns, princes, and their families, headed by those of the Emperor and Empress.

THE POST-OFFICE CAT is an important functionary in the United States, where the Government regularly pays for the maintenance of a certain number of pussies in each office to protect the bags of letters from rats and mice. The cost of the cats' food is minutely recorded in the list of Local Government salaries.

A TALKING JACKDAW is owned by a lady near Newcastle, the *Live Stock Journal* tells us. The bird can say distinctly such short sentences as "Come on," "Don't go," "It's a windy day," &c., and recently, when his mistress was ill and was being nursed by her sister, Jack used to hide himself close by her door, and call the sister in tones exactly resembling those of his mistress. At first the nurse came hurrying up to see what was wanted, but Jack repeated his pranks too often till they were found out.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK, are in a highly flourishing condition, according to the report read at the recent forty-third anniversary meeting of the Society, as both the receipts and the number of subscribers for last year are considerably above the average. Of late the cultivation of flowers has so much increased that the Society are puzzled to find room for all the exhibits sent to their shows, while in addition to the ordinary flower-shows, exhibitions have been given of special groups or classes of plants to enable amateurs to compare the numerous varieties of one type of plant. A special feature of the Society's work is the assistance given to botanical and medical students, artists, &c., by granting free admission tickets and distributing cut specimens, and during the year 827 of these tickets were issued, besides 37,000 specimens.

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HEALTHFUL SKIN.

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive, and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means, but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable name too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz. *the composition of the Soap itself*, and thus a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

NO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

THE most eminent authority on the Skin, **PROFESSOR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.**, writes in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*:—"The use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. . . . **PEARS' SOAP** is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

CAUTION TO PARENTS.

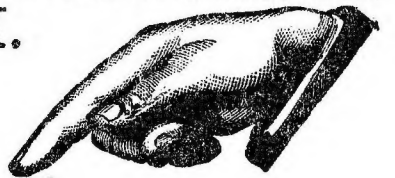
THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence, frequently, *the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer.* It should be remembered that **artificially coloured Soaps are frequently poisonous**, particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. Very white Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more Soda than others, owing to the use of Cocoa Nut Oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline soap very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some *unsightly disease*, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

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BIRTH. On the 7th inst., at 49, Chancery Street, Camden Town, the wife of Mr. Henry Hanson, of a son.

DEATH. On the 14th inst., at his residence, 57, Offord Road, Barnsbury, very suddenly, of *dysentery*, aged 43, Mr. JOHN HENRY CARPENTER, for ten years and a half assistant sub-editor of THE GRAPHIC. He was a good and staunch worker, and a most trustworthy and harmonious colleague.

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